

WARM BODIES

Based on a Novel by Isaac Marion
Written by Jonathan Levine
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OVER BLACK

And against whistling wind. A voice. Soft and comforting:

R (V.O.)
I am dead, but it's not so bad...

IN EXTREME CLOSEUP

A pair of lifeless gray eyes.

R (V.O.)
I've learned to live with it.

Belonging to...

IN CLOSEUP

R (25, undead). Blank face, gray skin. Low guttural groan emanating from dried black lips. In spite of a few thin gashes that cut across his face, R is almost attractive.

R (V.O.)
...I'm sorry I can't properly
introduce myself, but we don't have
names anymore. We lose them like
car keys, forget them like
anniversaries.
(beat)
We don't remember anything of how
it used to be. Not our names, not
our parents, not our jobs.

IN MEDIUM CLOSEUP

We see now that R is clad in gray shirt, red tie. He stares ahead, motionless, lifeless. Still groaning.

R (V.O.)
Judging from my clothes, I must
have been some kind of businessman.
(beat)
Like I said, can't remember.

IN WIDE SHOT

We see now that R is clad in gray shirt, red tie and black slacks. More groaning.

We also see some of the world around R. We are standing at the entrance to an

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A sign next to R reads "Terminal E". Garbage blows softly in the wind. A few abandoned cars are stopped at various angles. An empty shuttle bus, windows shattered, lies on its side.

All around, ZOMBIES wander aimlessly. Our camera moves past them, in concert with the whistling wind...

R (V.O.)

We like to joke about our clothes,
since these final fashion choices
are the only indication of who we
were before we became no one--

Our camera settles upon a MAN (62, undead) dressed as a JANITOR.

THE PAST

Our Janitor, very much alive, holds a mop, scrubs the floor of an AIRPORT teeming with people. Buzzing with life.

R (V.O.)

Some are less obvious than others.

NOW

ANGLE ON a GIRL (16, undead), in plaid skirt and tanktop. She stands in portrait under a flickering Arrivals/Departures board, GROANING.

THE PAST

The same girl, at a desk in a crowded classroom. She holds her cell phone surreptitiously beneath the table, taps out a text. In the background, her TEACHER drones on.

R (V.O.)

You were a student...

NOW

A Young Man(16, undead), in fashionable hoodie and designer jeans, lies expressionless as his prone body rotates on a baggage carousel.

THE PAST

The Young Man stands at an ATM machine. He punches in a code. The machine whirrs and beeps and gives him money.

R (V.O.)
You were the rich son of a
corporate CEO...

NOW

An ATHLETIC WOMAN (26, undead), in lycra running shorts and sports bra stands in front of an airport advertisement for "SplashTown Water Park. Just Off Route 11A."

THE PAST

The same Athletic Woman, in an upscale gym facility. She throws a medicine ball at an OVERWEIGHT WOMAN. Behind them, aerobics buffs get their daily dose of cardio on elliptical machines, stroking in chorus, watching "The View" on rows of identical monitors. Beneath the monitors, a giant picture window, through which

BUILDINGS BEGIN TO EXPLODE.

R (V.O.)
You were a personal trainer...

And now, a HAND grabs the ATHLETIC WOMAN, throwing her to the ground. Teeth pierce her neck...

AND BACK TO R...

R (V.O.)
Ring any bells?

...Standing there, groaning still.

R (V.O.)
It never does.

As the POWER FLICKERS ON for a moment, from a stuttering generator deep within the airport. Screens blink. Machines jolt into motion. Lights flash, revealing

ZOMBIES ALL AROUND

Surrounded by fast food kiosks and magazine stands, shattered vending machines and shoeshine stations. Some wander. Some stand frozen. A Muzak version of the Carpenters' "Close to You" wafts through the fluorescent corridors:

R (V.O.)
We don't know where the Plague came
from--when it started--but it
must've spread fast. And it was
probably all our fault...

Muzak swells.

SHOCK CUTS TO:

--ABANDONED BUILDINGS, set ablaze.
 --A NEWSCASTER on a brightly lit set across from a SCIENTIST.
 A GRAPHIC appears on the screen: *Plague Avoidance Strategies*.
 Along the bottom of the screen, a ticker, listing the ECP
 (Estimated Casualty Percentage) of each city: Chicago, 80%,
 New York, 95%, Los Angeles, 70%, etc.
 --A ZOMBIE tears at a woman's arm as it sticks out a half-
 closed car window.

R (V.O.)

There's no way to know for sure. We
 have only vague recollections of
 what it used to be like. You know,
 before there was nothing...

--That WOMAN's black mouth, screaming in horror.

R (V.O.)

...Civilization, buildings, cars...

INT. TERMINAL C - DAY

CLOSE ON R's face, as he walks through the TERMINAL, passing
 other ZOMBIES, lit in flickering fluorescence. Not a hint of
 recognition. They just groan on by...

R (V.O.)

But we have no role in it. We have
 no history, no past. We are just
 here.

Suddenly, a HUM, eerie and low, echoes through the corridor.

With militaristic precision, all the Zombies fall into line.
 All except R, that is. He doesn't move quite as quickly. He
 looks from side to side, at his colleagues who stand in
 formation.

THE CLATTERING OF FOOTSTEPS. THE HUM GROWS LOUDER.

ANOTHER ZOMBIE makes a face at R, who nods understanding,
 finally drops into line with the rest of them. Just as

A GROUP OF SKELETONS TURNS THE CORNER.

R (V.O.)

Boneys...

Creatures made of skull and bone. Some have the last vestiges of skin dripping off them; most have no flesh at all. Bits of muscle cling to them, dry as jerky. A hum emanates from their clattering bones.

R (V.O.)

You've probably never heard of them. Boneys aren't as well-chronicled in movies or literature as we are. Probably because you have to be one of us to know them...

(beat)

They are what some of us will become. I don't know why. I don't know how. I don't know who gets picked. But I've seen it happen. That I remember.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - DAY

R stands in a line of zombies who GROAN in a bathroom mirror, in front of a row of grimy sinks. We TRACK PAST their scratched, graffiti-covered reflections. The lights flicker in rhythm; they groan in chorus.

Suddenly, ONE of them, the one next to R (OLD MAN, 62, Dead), begins frothing and seizing. He sputters, spews a gob of BLACK BILE onto the mirror in front of him...

None of the other Dead so much as flinch. We push in on R. He groans in place. As next to him, the MAN splits open...

SPLITS OPEN, right down the middle. The skin just rips and falls away like a molting snake. His jagged skull forces its way out, yellow teeth grinning, tearing away his own skin and muscles in dry, colorless scraps. It's horrifying. He's turned into a Boney.

He shrieks against the mirror, shattering it into a million pieces, leaving nothing in its wake, save

BLACK...

R (V.O.)

Maybe I'll become a Boney some day.
I hope not...

AND BACK TO R

As five Boneys move forward, quietly assessing the line of zombies in front of them.

For their part, the zombies stand at some semblance of attention (no groaning, semi-erect posture).

R's eyes fix on one Boney in particular: no skin on his bones, his hue more amber than the others, his eyes more black. This is the BONEY LEADER.

The Leader slows his gait, rotates its skull to R. Its hollowed eyes bore into him. R shudders almost imperceptibly. The hum grows louder...

Louder still.

EAR-SPLITTINGLY LOUD...

And then, quite suddenly, it stops. The Leader turns away, back to his skeletal colleagues. They walk on.

And as soon as they've turned the corner, the zombies settle back into disarray. A symphony of groans fills the terminal.

R (V.O.)

They're even more dead than I am.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DUSK

The sky glows purple-pink through shattered glass. Metal cuts precise lines through the horizon. And R wanders the airport's windowed atrium. He steps onto a moving walkway, glides forward.

R reaches the end of the walkway. He turns around. Steps on the conveyor moving in the opposite direction, and lets it carry him forward.

R (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking: how is this handsome dead gentleman so well-spoken? Well, in my mind, I am eloquent...

R'S POV: In the distance, on the opposite conveyor belt, TWO YOUNG CHILDREN stand: a Boy (6, undead), curly blond, with gray skin, and a Girl (8, undead), black-haired with ashy brown skin. R glides toward them. They look up, blank...

Just then, the airport POWER DIES. Everything wheezes to a halt. R and the CHILDREN stand in perfect alignment. Silhouetted against the sky at dusk. R wheezes out a mini-groan. The Young Boy responds with a hunch of his shoulder.

R (V.O.)
 I can climb intricate scaffolds of
 words to reach the highest
 cathedral ceilings and paint my
 thoughts...

R looks at the boy, the girl--deep into their eyes. He opens
 his mouth...

R (V.O.)
 When I open my mouth, though,
 everything collapses...

...and a GROAN comes out.

R reaches out and touches the Boy's hair. The Boy does
 nothing. R squints at both of them. Each wears a white label
 on its shirt. Graphically, to us, they look like one of those
 "Hello My Name is..." labels. But these letters are BLURRED
 beyond recognition. R leans in close, blinking with effort at
 their nametags. But no. The writing is gibberish. It means
 nothing.

R (V.O.)
 Still, a few words remain. They
 linger on the rusty edges of my
 perception. And sometimes, if I try
 hard enough, I can find them...

For the first time, R speaks, sputtering out:

R
 Name?

R (V.O.)
 But that's just me. Nobody else
 around here speaks much. I guess
 I'm different.

The children stare back blankly. R points at himself, grunts:

R
 Rrrrrr...

No response. He points at them again.

R (CONT'D)
 You?
 (beat)
 My name. Rrrr.

They look back with empty eyes. R looks down, frustrated. As
 the power clicks back on...

R (V.O.)

...But it does make me sad that we've forgotten our names. Out of everything, this seems to me the most tragic. I miss my own and I mourn for everyone else's...

...And they glide away from each other. R looks back at the two children, their eyes locked on him as the pink twilight between them grows. He starts to groan.

R (V.O.)

Because I'd like to love them, but I don't know who they are.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

We are looking through the cabin door of a 747 COMMERCIAL JET. The groaning continues, growing louder, until R's face appears through the door's dirty picture window.

The door opens with a whoosh, revealing R's groaning silhouette in the doorway. He steps through thick air, closes the door behind him, and scans this place, his home:

It's filled to the brim with STUFF. Piles of clothing sit amongst assorted tchotchkes, relics from a civilization long since gone: a puzzle. A shot glass. A Barbie. A condom. Flowers. Magazines. Books. Stacked several rows deep and almost to the ceiling.

R moves to an antique record player. He leans in close, blows on the record, and puts the needle down. Sinatra's "I've Got You Under My Skin" swells.

R moves to seat 24A. He sits down. His dried black finger depresses the button that reclines his seatback.

The record skips as R's gray eyes stare into nothingness.

SINATRA

*I've got you deep in the heart of
me [SKIP] Deep in the heart of me
[SKIP] Deep in the of me. [SKIP]
Deep...*

ANGLE ON R, through the window of the 747. Old Blue Eyes' skipping voice fades as we pull back...

TITLE CARD: **WARM BODIES**

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

R ascends an escalator. A skylight casts a halobeam of white sunshine onto him. Above, a zombie visage slides into view. This is M (38, undead), hundreds of pounds of muscle and fat draped on a six-five frame. Bearded, bald, bruised and rotten, his ragged mouth is oozing black drool. He wears holey jeans and a plain white t-shirt. He stands and groans.

R (V.O.)

This is my friend, M. He may not look like much, but he's a pretty fascinating guy, once you get to know him.

(beat)

I'd like to sit down with him some time and pick his brain. Just a tiny bite somewhere in the frontal lobe, to get a taste of his thoughts...

R moves to M, stands right in front of him.

R (V.O.)

Other than me, M's the only person I've ever heard say a real-life word around here. He and I even have almost-conversations sometimes...

R and M stand face to face, groaning.

R (V.O.)

But mostly we just stand around and groan a lot. As you can see, we do a lot of standing around and groaning. It's pretty much our thing. Days pass this way.

SUPERTITLE: "2 Days Later"

R and M stand face to face, groaning.

R (V.O.)

That is, until we get...

R

Hungry.

M looks at R, nods. He points in a vague direction, grunts:

M

City.

WHIP PAN and ZOOM into a derelict skyline that lies far away and through cracked glass. The three Dead stare at it, eyes fixed with hunger. They lumber forward.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Sergio Leone swells as R leads the hunting pack down the freeway. A sea of cars sit at a standstill; the concrete is overgrown with weeds. R wanders beneath an ivy-curtained overpass. He is followed by M and a few OTHER ZOMBIES.

SUPERTITLE: "The Next Day"

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The hunting party walks beneath a faded billboard that reads "*Jaden Smith is...Bond, James Bond*", and into the decrepit city. Buildings are collapsed. Rusted cars clog the streets. Most glass is shattered and the wind drifting through the hollow highrises moans like an animal left to die.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The posse walks down an empty city street. R and M reach the corner. R looks from side to side:

Ahead, an OLD STRIP CLUB, neon sign collapsed under its entrance. A derelict CELL PHONE STORE with a worn banner in the window that reads "GOING OUT OF BUSINESS."

R turns his gaze down the street, to a GIANT GLASS SKYSCRAPER. He sniffs the air...

And our CAMERA DARTS DOWN THE BLOCK, through glass revolving doors, past the vast open atrium, through reinforced double doors emblazoned with the logo of PFIZER, and into an

OFFICE

Where, amongst the cubicles and boarded up windows, about a DOZEN TEENAGERS load medical supplies into boxes.

In the corner, a Teenage Boy sits indian-style, plays a handheld video game. This is BERG (16, living). His acne-covered face is scrunched with concentration. His rifle in his lap. The others have guns too.

Another boy, in camos and a patchy beard, stands over him, barking out orders. He appears to be the LEADER of the expedition.

A TEENAGE GIRL (19, living) is by his side, her face obscured by her furious activity. The Leader turns to Berg.

LEADER

You gonna help us, Berg, or what?

He doesn't even look away from the game.

BERG

I'm almost at level 5.

The Leader looks at Berg, shakes his head.

EXT. CITY - DAY

M sniffs warily. The rest of the posse groan and drool. M looks at R, shakes his head.

M

Too many.

R

Hungry.

R starts to speed-lumber toward the skyscraper. The rest of the group reflexively follow. M walks slowly behind, eyeing R with an uneasy grimace.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

This building must have been hit by an earthquake or something--part of its foundation's been blown out.

The Zombie Hunting Party piles through revolving doors, files into the building. R moves to the front, sniffs. He turns to a dark hallway, moves toward it. The rest follow.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway leans at a crazy funhouse angle as R and the pack arrive at the reinforced doors. He puts his ear to them:

VOICE (O.S.)

Did you hear that?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Leader turns to NORA, 19, moonface, frizzy curls:

LEADER

No.

Behind, teenagers load weapons into boxes, a flurry of activity. The Young Woman looks up from her detail:

YOUNG WOMAN

I did. We should bail.

LEADER

We can't bail. We have orders. Do you know how much medicine the Stadium goes through a month? We need pharma salvage to survive--

YOUNG WOMAN

You sound just like my dad.

LEADER

Thank you.

YOUNG WOMAN

That wasn't a compliment.

Nora inspects the bottle of pills she's loading into a box, tosses them to the Leader:

NORA

Here. Have some Prozac, you two.
Maybe that'll cheer you up.

And now, a THUMP. Everyone stops, looks at each other.

NORA (CONT'D)

See. I told you.

YOUNG WOMAN

Pear. *Let's bail.*

THUMP.

The Leader holds his finger to his mouth, indicating quiet. He cocks his weapon. The Young Woman looks at him, eyes widening, when...

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please.

THE ZOMBIE HUNTING PARTY SLAMS THROUGH THE DOORS.

R leads the pack. They rush the teenagers, who shoot. Pulsing gunfire lights the dark. Blood is spattered. Limbs eaten. Zombies lunge and dart with surprising speed.

Dots of blood pointillize the walls. WE PUSH IN ON the Leader. He cocks his gun, FIRES!

One ZOMBIE DROPS. Black blood spatters the walls. The Leader climbs atop a desk in the middle of the room, shouts out:

LEADER

Aim for their heads!

(beat)

Cover me! We'll rendezvous in the corner office!

Behind him, the Young Woman leans around a cubicle, bracing her tiny frame against her shotgun's recoil as she FIRES blindly into the dark. Her muzzle blasts illuminate an innocent, beautiful face in stroboscopic rhythm. R's eyes lock on her.

His eyes widen.

His world stops.

Music swells, as we PUSH IN ON her, SHOOTING in SLOW-MOTION...

SINATRA

*I've got you deep in the heart of
me [SKIP] Deep in the heart of me
[SKIP] Deep in the of me. [SKIP]
Deep...*

R is snapped from his reverie by a GUNSHOT.

It hits him square in the arm. He shudders, falls back, but otherwise seems unfazed. His eyes turn to the Leader...

LEADER

Got something to say, Corpse?

...who cocks his rifle again:

LEADER (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

Quickly, we jump into:

R'S POV: Before the Leader can get another shot off, R pushes toward him with shocking speed.

R (V.O.)

Now, I'm not proud of this. In fact, I'd appreciate it if you might just look away for a moment here...

R grabs hold of his arm, sees that he's wearing a SHINY GOLD WATCH. He stares at it for a moment. Mesmerized.

R (V.O.)
Nice watch.

He takes a giant bite of the Leader's arm. Screams enter the musty air. He pins the Leader to the ground, bangs his skull against the floor.

R (V.O.)
I don't like hurting people, but
this is the world now. The new
hunger is a very powerful thing.

We push in on R's face as he cracks the kid's head open off-screen. He does so with focused intensity.

R (V.O.)
If I don't eat all of him, if I
spare his brain, he'll rise up and
follow me back to the airport, and
that might make me feel better...
(beat)
I'll introduce him to everyone, and
maybe we'll stand around and groan
for a while.
(beat)
*If I restrain myself. If I leave
enough...*

Now, R REACHES INTO the Man's CRANIUM, scoops out a chunk of cerebellum. He TOSSES it in his mouth, CHEWS ravenously...

R (V.O.)
But I can't help it. The brain's
the best part...

Simon & Garfunkel's "The Boxer" rises on the soundtrack as R smacks his lips against a viscous hunk of brain. His eyes widen and we go...

BLACK.

R (V.O.)
The part that makes my head light
up like a picture tube...

OUR SCREEN POPS TO LIFE WITH THE GLOW OF A CATHODE RAY.

Simon & Garfunkel swells.

Fleeting images flutter by--a Kodachrome flip book of a life. All in a FIRST PERSON POV. They swerve in and out of our field of vision. Like tuning a radio:

--You are sitting atop your father's shoulders at a *FOURTH OF JULY PARADE*.

R (V.O.)

...I don't want to hurt you. Just to feel what you felt...

--You're punched by a bully in grade school. You touch your hand to our nose. It's covered in blood.

R (V.O.)

...To feel a little better. A little less dead.

--You're in school. Learning about George Washington.

--You're riding a bike down a dusty road in shorts and a tanktop. The summer sun caresses the back of your neck.

--You are eating pizza at Chuck E. Cheese with your parents.

--You are in an old fashioned movie house, watching a 3-D zombie movie.

--You are in school. Learning about something that doesn't matter. You scan the room. Your attention turns to a SOLDIER in a SNIPER'S NEST right outside the window. And now it turns to

--JULIE. She's sitting in front of you. Choppy blonde hair, blue eyes. Thin smile. You are in love.

--You are kissing Julie in the front seat of a car. She turns to you, asks:

JULIE

Perry?

--You are Perry. You kiss her neck. She twines her fingers into yours. Squeezes hard. You breathe. You ask:

PERRY

Do you want to?

She looks to you, closes her eyes:

JULIE

Yes.

PERRY
I love you, Julie.

She--your JULIE. Your Everything--looks to you, closes her eyes...

MATCH CUT TO:

JULIE EMPTIES HER GUN INTO A ZOMBIE

She drops it, out of ammo. R lumbers at her from behind, a black film of blood coating his face. He's about 10 feet away, when...

Julie turns, lightning fast,

FIRES A KNIFE RIGHT AT R'S HEAD!

It lodges in the center of his forehead and quivers there. R pulls out the knife and drops it, barely breaking his stride. Julie's eyes widen. R is so close now. He reaches his arm toward her...

Suddenly, M knocks into R, moving quickly past him, closing in on Julie. R quickens his pace, shoves M aside, snarls:

R
No. Mine.

R advances. Slowly. Julie looks up, Sweat and tears mingle upon her face. All around, the Dead feast on the living. And the living shoot the Dead.

A ZOMBIE DROPS right in front of Julie, its skull blasted open, its blood spouting onto the floor next to her.

And R presses toward her. He opens his hands. He makes low murmuring noises through his lips. His face softens.

Julie looks at him, confused. Scared. R cocks his head to one side, trying to connect. Behind him, the black room explodes with carnage. R moves closer. Julie flinches. Their eyes lock. R takes a deep breath and then:

R (CONT'D)
Ju...lie.

Her eyes go wide. She freezes.

R (CONT'D)
Julie.

R reaches out to touch her. She doesn't flinch. Rather, she just stares ahead, frozen. R's limb rests on her shoulder.

She doesn't even look at it.

ANGLE ON R

He looks to a fallen zombie next to Julie, and uses his free hand to collect a palmful of black, lifeless blood. Julie murmurs reflexively:

JULIE

NoNoNoNo.

R shakes his head, moves his finger to his mouth. Julie emits a soft whimper, as

Slowly, with gentle movements, R smears the blood on her face, down her neck, and onto her clothes. Julie just stares ahead, as if she were catatonic. R looks at her:

R

Come...Safe.

Julie stares at him, squinches her face like she can't believe what's happening. She scans the room. Under a desk, barely a few feet away, Nora's blinking eyes glow in the darkness, obscured by an Aeron chair. And, further--

M and the OTHERS. They have finished devouring their prey, formed a semi-circle a few feet off. They stare at R. And Julie:

R (CONT'D)

Quiet.

Julie locks eyes with Nora, whose body shudders. Her eyes are wide as saucers. Almost imperceptibly, she nods.

R reaches for Julie's limp hand, grips it tightly...

And turns toward the hunting party. Julie's hand hangs limp as she staggers behind him, dazed, staring straight ahead. As they approach, M sniffs the air cautiously, looking from side to side. Julie's eyes widen with fear. They move closer, closer...

Right past him. Past the others, who reflexively turn and follow. M stares after them for a skeptical beat, then lumbers ahead.

EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

Silhouetted against the pink sky, R and his cohorts crest the horizon.

Julie follows a little behind R, stares at the back of his head with wide eyes and trembling lips. They move beneath,

A BILLBOARD, wherein an OLDER MAN, close-cropped hair and thick frame, is depicted in classic propaganda style, along with the following words, in giant block font:

PROTECT YOURSELF!
KILL THE DEAD!
DEFEAT THE MENACE!

Julie's eyes dart over to the billboard. So do R's. They remain fixed on this older man's gaze, as we

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

SLAM! Leftover bodies and limbs drop into frame. A gift for the Boneys, who rip into them. Julie's eyes widen as she watches the flesh torn from bones. The zombie hunting party stands to the side, watching as the skeletons inhale their abundant offering.

They barely notice R and Julie WALKING AWAY.

R (V.O.)

Even though I don't remember
 anything, I think it's safe to say
 this has never happened before. The
 Dead don't take the Living home
 with them. We eat their brains.
 It's pretty simple.

(beat)

But I have to keep this Living girl
 with me. I don't know why. I
 just...

R grips her wrist tight. She stares into some far off distance, eyes glassy, as they move through the metal detectors and into the terminal...

R (V.O.)

Have to...

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

The cabin door swings open with a soft exhalation. R and Julie stand in the doorway. Air rushes in.

R takes a step forward, turns, grabs Julie by the wrist and brings her inside. He closes the door behind him.

Julie and R stand in the center aisle, stare at each other. R raises his eyebrow and extends his arm in the direction of a window seat. Julie furrows her brow, and, keeping her eyes fixed on R, backs toward it. She collapses into the seat. Her hands grip the armrests like the plane is in a flaming death dive.

R moves past her, to a pile of STUFF stacked high in the aisle. He reaches into his pocket, grabs the SHINY GOLD WATCH. He holds the watch in his hand, looks at the pile...

Puts the watch back in his pocket. Julie starts TO CRY.

R turns to her, walks ahead, falling into the aisle seat next to her with a wheeze of effort. He looks at her hard.

R
Not...eat.
(beat)
I...won't eat.

She stares back, says nothing. R points at her. He opens his mouth, points at his bloodied teeth. He shakes his head. No.

Julie presses her head against the square window, cries still. R looks at her. We can't read his reaction. He does not emote. But he cannot look away...

R (CONT'D)
Safe. Keep...you safe.

R cocks his head to the side, searching for her eyes, imploring with his blank stare. But Julie just cries even harder. R looks at her, crying there. He cocks his head. He groans a soft groan...

He turns away. R stands and lumbers to the cabin door. He opens it and, without turning around, ducks out of the plane. Julie's sobs fill the air. The door slams shut with a thud.

INT. AIRPORT GARAGE - NIGHT

A sea of cars. Mostly intact. Amongst them, a classic cherry-red '64 Mercedes convertible. We push past a DECOMPOSING CORPSE that lies on the ground next to it, and into the driver's seat. Where R sits, groaning. He reaches his hand to the ignition. The key is in there. He turns it. The engine purrs to life. The radio hums with the static-y beep of the emergency broadcast system. R clumsily puts the car in Drive.

The car slowly moves forward into a concrete partition. Its wheels spin in place.

R shrugs, leans back. He turns to the shotgun seat. Where a HUMAN BRAIN sits. No longer warm, but pink and buzzing with life. He reaches for it, removes a gooey chunk of hypothalamus, and bites into it...

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

You are Perry Kelvin, age 12. You ride shotgun in an old Ford pickup. An OLDER MAN drives, gripping the steering wheel hard. You turn to him:

PERRY

Dad?

DAD

What, Perry?

Plumes of smoke rise from the city in your side-view.

PERRY

Where are we going?

DAD

Some place safe...

PERRY

Are there safe places anymore?

A beat.

DAD

Some place safer.

Suddenly, a ZOMBIE LEAPS onto your windshield, spitting black blood.

EXT. STADIUM ROOF - FLASHBACK

You are Perry Kelvin, age 16. You and Julie are atop the roof of a domed stadium, lying on a red blanket among steel panels. The bright blue sky opens wide above you. Julie looks up:

JULIE

Perry.

You turn to her:

PERRY

Yeah.

JULIE

I miss airplanes...

PERRY

I miss everything.

JULIE

...I miss seeing them in the sky.
My mom used to say it looked like
Etch-a-Sketch, the way they sliced
across the blue. It was so
beautiful.

PERRY

I like how you remember things.

She shrugs.

JULIE

I guess.

PERRY

No. We have to. We have to remember
everything. If we don't, by the
time we grow up, it's all going to
be gone.

She looks at you, tender. She loves you. She tells you:

JULIE

I love you.

You close your eyes, let the scorching light blaze red
through your lids. You turn, kiss Julie.

INT. WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

A long metal table laid out with a minimalist spread. Bowl of
rice. Bowl of beans. Rectangle of flax bread.

Julie sits next to you. Across, an OLDER MAN sits, the same
man whose face we saw on the billboard. He is dressed in a
crisp white shirt. This is GENERAL GRIGIO:

GRIGIO

So, Perry--

(beat)

Julie tells me you're working for
Agriculture now.

PERRY

Yes, sir, General Grigio. I'm a--

GRIGIO

This isn't the mess hall, Perry,
this is dinner. Mr. Grigio will be
fine.

PERRY

Yes, sir.

(beat)

I'm a planter right now, Mr.
Grigio. But I think I'm on track
for a promotion. I'm shooting for
harvest supervisor.

GRIGIO

I see. That isn't a *bad* job--

(beat)

But I wonder why you don't join
your father in Construction. He
could use more young men working on
that corridor.

Julie grabs your thigh under the table:

JULIE

Don't mind him, Pear. Dad's idea of
saving humanity is building a
really big concrete box, putting
everybody in it, and standing at
the door with guns until we grow
old and die...

GRIGIO

Without that box, we'd all be
eating brains instead of rice. But
I suppose you wouldn't mind that,
would you, dear? Better than
hiding, is it?

JULIE

Maybe it is.

GRIGIO

...Just like your mother.

PERRY

I, uh, I just don't think
construction is the place for me
right now. I just feel like in this
day and age, there's something
meaningful about *growing* things...

GRIGIO
Growing things.
(disgusted)
OK. Well, let's eat.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

R's eyes snap open. M is standing outside the driver's side window, glaring. He grabs for a piece of the brain in R's hand. R yanks it away:

R
No!

M
Ran...out.

R shoves the leftover chunk into his pocket.

R
Mine.

R opens the door, speed lumbers past M, who calls after him...

M
Need...more!

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Julie stands in the aisle of R's 747, terrified. Scanning the cabin.

R's zombie thrift store surrounds her. She moves to a pile, looking over baseball cards, watches, nintendo controllers, etc. Her eyes settle on a pair of nunchuks. She grabs it, weighs it in her hand. She puts it down. Scans more. Landing on a bowie knife...

INT. TERMINAL C - NIGHT

R lumbers through the terminal, head down, under flickering light. Through the cracked windows, we can barely make out a couple planes amongst the blackness. A few of the Dead glide by on walkways, groaning. R pays them no mind.

Suddenly, an ARM reaches for his, clutches his WRIST. R looks down to see the Little Girl from earlier. Another ARM reaches out and grabs R's other wrist. He looks down to see the Little Boy. They move ahead, pulling his arms taut. R nods, follows.

As they pass a CPK Express, he quickens his pace, walking in step with them. He stares at them, squinting in confusion, willing himself to sputter:

R

Name?

The children look up, blank.

R (CONT'D)

Parents? School?

His tone grows thick with accusation:

R (CONT'D)

Movie? Song? Food? Home? *Name?*

Finally, the children stop. They look up at R...

They let go of his hands and run.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

R opens the cabin door. Julie is sitting right where he left her, eyes wide open. Dried tears line her face. She's shivering. She clutches a pair of nunchuks in her hand.

R walks over to Julie's seat. He stands right above her, looking down. He eyes her up and down. Julie looks up, in terror, shaking. Convulsing almost.

With great deliberation, R pops open the overhead compartment. He reaches in...

JULIE

What are you doing?

(softly)

Please. Just leave me alone...

R rifles through it. Finally, he finds what he's looking for, GRABS IT, leans toward Julie. She flinches, as he

...places a blanket over her. Her face reddens with emotion:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Why me? Why did you save me?

She begins to cry. R looks at her:

R

Don't...cry.

(beat)

Not...hurt. Not...eat.

She closes her eyes, shakes her head. As R walks to his record player. He reaches into the overhead compartment and opens it, revealing stacks of records. He pulls out an album, moves to the player. He puts the record on, grabs a pair of headphones, takes them back to the seat.

He places them on Julie's ears. We can hear the faint sounds of Chicago's "If You Leave Me Now". R watches Julie listen. He closes his eyes and hunches forward. His head sways vaguely in time with the muffled music. He mumbles:

R (CONT'D)
Safe. Keep you safe.

PETER CETERA
Oooh no/Baby please don't go.

48 FPS: PUSH IN ON R. Lost in reverie.

PETER CETERA
*A love like ours is love that's
hard to find...*

Julie looks at R, swaying in time to the music, eyes shut tight. She leans in, curious. And when he opens his eyes, she's right there, studying him in disbelief. He stares at her, expressionless. Finally:

JULIE
What are you?

R turns away. He drops into a seat across the aisle from Julie, depresses the button that reclines his seatback. He watches her, there, listening to the music.

Scared. Confused. Beautiful. Peter Cetera's falsetto swells on the soundtrack...

PUSH INTO R's chest. Through his gray skin, past his ossified arteries, through his ribcage and right into his gray heart. Where for a split second,

Something twitches.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAWN

Morning. Julie sleeps, seat reclined, beneath a blanket. R sits across the aisle, right where we left him, eyes fixed on her. She sleeps fitfully, tussles with the blanket, mutters:

JULIE
Perry...

R's eyes flicker a bit.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I heard something. No, Perry. Let's
go. Please. Please!

Her eyes shoot open. She looks at R,

And SCREAMS.

R looks from side to side in a panic. He covers her mouth.
She screams even more, but it's muffled by his hand.

Finally, her eyes go glassy. She stops resisting. R
hesitantly pulls his hand away. Julie looks at him. A beat...

R casts his eyes to the ground. They linger there, until,
finally, he turns around, walks to the door. He steps through
the doorway...

JULIE (CONT'D)
Wait...

R turns around, looks at her:

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

R thinks. Then he nods. He takes a few steps to an overhead
bin. He opens it, reaches in, and brandishes a SEVERED HUMAN
ARM. He holds it toward Julie, who shakes her head:

JULIE (CONT'D)
No. Real food. You know, for living
people.

R nods, understanding:

R
I'll...get.

JULIE
Just let me go! What are you doing?
Why are you keeping me here?

R
No, Ju...lie.

Julie looks at him. A beat.

JULIE
How do you know my name? How the
hell do you know my name?

R shrugs.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Please. Just let me get out and walk around a little. I'm going crazy here.

R

Not...safe.

Julie nods:

JULIE

OK.

She leaps up, RUNS TO THE DOOR. R calls after her, panicked:

R

No. Not...safe.

But she's gone.

R speed-lumbers in pursuit.

INT. TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

A glass tunnel looking out onto another tunnel that runs perpendicular to it. Julie walks the abandoned corridor, eyes wide with terror. Her footsteps echo:

JULIE

(to herself)

Jesus. It stinks in here.

Julie scans her surroundings as she passes airline gates, Brookstone's, etc. And suddenly,

The POWER GOES ON. Julie GASPS. Enrique Inglesias' "Hero" plays over the PA. And, in the light, she can just make out in the distance:

CAPTAIN SKY'S TROPICAL BAR AND GRILL

Julie walks toward it, when...

Through the double glass, we see a SMALL GANG OF ZOMBIES, wandering in the dim morning shadows. About a football field off and around the corner.

Julie ducks behind a GIANT REPLICA AIRPLANE, shakes with fear.

And a HAND REACHES OUT, GRABS HER. Julie SCREAMS!!

It's R.

ANGLE ON the Dead. They all turn in unison.

R
Don't...run.
(beat)
Dead. Be...dead.

R clicks his teeth, does an exaggerated zombie shuffle.

R (CONT'D)
OK?

Julie shakes, nods. R leans in, sniffs her. She shudders a bit, but doesn't pull away. Now, R reaches his hand into a recent gash on his opposite forearm, collects a thin smear of oily black. The Dead are about 50 feet off, about to turn the corner into our tunnel.

R spreads the ink onto Julie's cheek, down her neck. Julie shudders. The Dead turn the corner. Julie cringes:

R (CONT'D)
OK?

The Dead are so close now. Julie nods:

JULIE
Thank you.

R locks eyes with her. Something meaningful. Now, he begins to walk. Julie follows, stumbling along behind and groaning every 3 or 4 steps. The Dead close in. R turns to Julie, whispers:

R
Too...much.

Julie nods, dials it back. As they pass the gang of Dead, not a hint of perception. One knocks R's shoulder. He twists on impact, but keeps moving. As does Julie. And, as the Dead recede into the distance, a hint of a smile crosses Julie's face. She lets out a particularly hammy groan.

INT. CAPTAIN SKY'S TROPICAL BAR AND GRILL - DAY

An empty bar. Adjacent, the nose of a Boeing 767 is lodged through a shattered picture window. Sun shines in. R stands guard, as Julie fumbles behind the counter.

INT. SBARRO'S - DAY

Julie and R stare impatiently as a plastic container of FROZEN NOODLES spins around a microwave. Julie looks around, nervous. Finally...

DING.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Julie sits in a chair. On the tray table in front of her, steam rises from piping hot pasta. She leans over, takes it in:

JULIE

Mmmm.

She takes a bite of penne. Her eyes roll back in her head:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh wow.

R watches with great interest as Julie savors every bite. After a moment, she looks up, chewing vigorously, sees R observing her in silence. Julie covers her mouth self-consciously. And finally, to fill the emptiness between them:

JULIE (CONT'D)

I haven't had pasta in forever. We don't do real food at the Stadium anymore. Just basic nutrition and Carbtein. Carbtein tablets, Carbtein powder, Carbtein juice. It's disgusting.

A beat. R gets up, walks to the back of the plane. He slides open a drawer, revealing a few lukewarm bottles of beer, sitting in still water. He grabs one, walks back, hands it to Julie. She looks at him, surprised:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She twists the cap, takes a long sip:

JULIE (CONT'D)

I can't remember the last time I had beer...

She looks him up and down:

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Maybe you're not such a monster
 after all. I mean, anyone who
 appreciates a good beer...
 (beat)
 I guess you can't be all bad, Mr.
 Zombie.

R looks at her, holds his hand to his chest. He wheezes:

R
 My...name...

JULIE
 You have a name?

R nods. Julie's lips curl into a half-smile:

JULIE (CONT'D)
 What's your name?

R closes his eyes and thinks hard, trying to wrest his name
 from the void. After a beat, he simply says:

R
 Rrrrrr.

Julie furrows her brow:

JULIE
 Rur? Your name is Rur?

R shakes his head.

R
 Rrrrrr.

JULIE
 Rrrrr? It starts with R?

R nods.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Robert?

He shakes his head.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Rick? Rodney? Rambo?

R shakes his head. No. No. No.

JULIE (CONT'D)
How about I just call you 'R'?
That's a start, right?

His eyes dart to hers. He smiles, satisfied.

R
R.

JULIE
Hi, R. I'm Julie. But you knew that
already, didn't you?

R shrugs. Julie pushes the beer toward him:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Want some?

R eyes the bottle for a second. Finally, he grabs hold and
takes a drink. A long pull.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Drink up. I'm more of a wine girl
anyway.

R empties the bottle, slides it away from him. Julie
chuckles, returns to her food. She pokes at it for a beat.
When she looks up, her face appears downcast. Any trace of
joviality is gone:

JULIE (CONT'D)
I want to go home, R.

R shakes his head.

R
Not...safe.

JULIE
Bullshit.

Silence. She looks at him hard. He turns away.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Listen. I get that you saved my
life back there in the city. And I
guess I'm grateful for that. But
you walked me *into* this place. I'm
sure you can walk me out. So again,
why are you keeping me here?

R presses his hand against his heart. Then reaches slowly
toward Julie, presses against hers. Their eyes meet. Julie
looks down at R's hand, back up to his face...

She rolls her eyes...

JULIE (CONT'D)

Um--

...R looks down, embarrassed.

R (V.O.)

This date is not going well.

He attempts to recover:

R

Need...to wait.

(beat)

They'll notice.

JULIE

How long?

R

Few days. They'll...forget.

JULIE

Jesus Christ.

R (V.O.)

Once again the absurdity of my inner thought overwhelms me. I want to crawl out of my skin. I feel so much on the inside now. Around her. I want to tell her everything. I want to open my mouth and have a sonnet come out. But instead...

R

OK.

(beat)

You'll be...OK.

R (V.O.)

Not exactly Shakespeare.

Julie looks at him, trying to read his eyes:

JULIE

You're...different, aren't you?

No response.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Are there others? Like you?

R
Don't...know.

Julie absently pushes her noodles around the plate:

JULIE
(softly)
A few days...
(beat)
What am I supposed to do here for a
few days, anyway? I hope you don't
expect me to stay here the whole
time. I'll lose my mind...
(beat)
What do you do for fun around here?

R looks at her, thinks. The Beach Boys' "Sloop John B" rises
on the soundtrack.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A cherry red 1964 Mercedes convertible lurches out of a
covered garage. R drives. Julie rides shotgun, scarf wrapped
around her head. Julie buckles her seatbelt:

JULIE
You need to corner sharper. You
keep almost running off the road
when you turn.

R nods.

JULIE (CONT'D)
God, you're a leadfoot. Can you go
easier on the gas?

R comes to a jerky stop. The engine dies. Julie rolls her
eyes.

JULIE (CONT'D)
OK. Look...

She reaches for the key, turns the ignition. The engine fires
up again. Julie scoots over, snakes her leg across his. She
places her feet on his feet. Under her pressure, he smoothly
exchanges gas for clutch. The car glides forward.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Like that.

Julie returns to her seat. R's eyes fix on the horizon, as
the Mercedes peels out onto the tarmac. And for a moment, R
is a zombie James Dean, driving in Technicolor.

ANGLE ON the Little Zombie Boy and Little Zombie Girl. They play with a STAPLER, passing it back and forth, clicking it.

The Mercedes blows past them, knocking their expressionless faces backward. The ball rolls away. They stare after R and Julie, who cruise on into the distance.

ANGLE ON Julie. Who stares into the distance, where, expanding through the windshield's horizon, we see the

BONEYS...

Walking, clattering across the tarmac. The Boney Leader is at the front. He waves his skeletal limbs, rasping out a dry, wordless sermon through his toothy grin.

AND BACK TO JULIE

Her eyes go wide:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Wh--what are those--things?

R

Boneys.

JULIE

Where do they come from?

R

Don't...know.

JULIE

Well, they creep me out.

Don't they creep you out?

Before R can answer, he CRASHES into the back of a Miata.

JULIE

Jesus, R. This was a beautiful car!

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

R and Julie sit cross-legged in the aisle of the 747. Steam rises from a plate of microwaved Pad Thai that sits in front of Julie. R watches in silence as she pokes at it. She looks up at R, who's eyeing at her with fascination. As her eyes meet his, he forces a smile, revealing bloody teeth. Julie smiles tightly:

JULIE

It's too quiet in here.

She jumps up, heads a few seats down to an overhead bin, filled with records. She rifles through them, calls to R:

JULIE (CONT'D)
What's with all the vinyl? Couldn't figure out how to work an iPod?

R
Better...sound.

JULIE
Oh, a purist huh?

R makes a spinning motion in the air with his finger:

R
More...real. More...alive.

JULIE
Yeah, true. Lot more trouble, though.

She grabs an album, Blink-182's *Enema of the State*:

JULIE (CONT'D)
This is the most recent album I can find. It's from 1999. Is that when you died or something?

R shrugs.

JULIE (CONT'D)
And there you go again, shrugging. Stop shrugging, shrugger! Answer my question: why the stunted musical growth?

R starts to shrug, stops himself:

R
We don't...think...new things...

R strains, trying to get the words out:

R (CONT'D)
I...find things...sometimes. But we don't...seek.

Julie continues to flip through records in the overhead bin:

JULIE
That's a real tragedy, R. I used to love seeking music.
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

There was this great record store
on Main and Ivy. I could've taken
you some time...

R has no response. Julie grabs a Cyndi Lauper album, puts it
on the turntable. "All Through the Night" plays.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Much better.

Julie sits, snatches her fork, stuffs her mouth full of
noodles. R watches her, furrows his brow, reaches across the
plate, and grabs a handful of noodles. He puts them in his
mouth, tries to chew. But it's a horrible pantomime. The
noodles fall from his lifeless lips, and R is left to chew
air.

Julie doesn't notice. Her eyes wander. Her face has grown
downcast again. Until:

JULIE (CONT'D)

R...

JULIE (CONT'D)

There's a theory that you guys eat
brains because you get to relive
the person's life. True?

R shrugs, and Julie looks out the airplane window at the
distant mountains. She goes on, softly:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Will he come back to life? As one
of you?

R

Per...ry?

She turns to R, nods. He drops his eyes, shakes his head.

JULIE

To be honest...and I'd never say
this to anyone, but...

(beat)

It's kind of a relief that it
finally happened. To be able to
finally stop dreading it...

Julie looks down at her plate.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Something happened to him. A lot of
things, actually.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

I guess there came a point where he just couldn't absorb any more, so he flipped over into a different person. It was scary how fast he changed...

Julie tears up. A beat. Her voice quivers:

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's not like I'm not sad that he's gone. I am. I...

(beat)

I really am. But I've been preparing for it for a long time.

R stands up, grabs her plate, folds it, drops it into a TRASH BIN.

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's weird. I never talk about this stuff to anyone, but you're...I mean, you're so quiet. You just sit there and listen. You don't judge any of my stupid thoughts, you know?

She shrugs.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Shrug.

She forces a smile. R moves to the overhead bin, pulls out an LP. He removes it from the sleeve, pulls the needle off Cyndi, and puts it down:

FRANK

*I don't care if you are called
[SCRATCH]/When people say
you're[SCRATCH]/Wicked
witchcraft[SCRATCH]/Don't change a
hair for me, not if
you[SCRATCH]/Cause you're
sensational[SCRATCH]/You just the
way you are[SCRATCH]/You're
sensational...sensational...That's
all...*

R sits back down in front of Julie. She stares at him with damp, redrimmed eyes. He presses his hand against her chest, and we hear the gentle thump of her heart inside. Julie sniffs, looks at him:

JULIE

What are you?

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

The end of a dusty record plays silent in the night air. Julie's laid out across the center row, under a blanket. R sits across from her. In the darkness:

JULIE

R?

R groans.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You know, in a weird way, it's actually been kinda nice, being here? I mean, aside from almost getting eaten like four times. It's been years since I've had this much time to breathe and reflect and look out windows.

Julie's voice slows with sleepiness:

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's crazy. Sometimes I barely believe you're a zombie. Sometimes I think you're just wearing stage makeup. Because when you smile...it's pretty hard to believe.

R tries to suppress a smile.

R

Thank...you.

JULIE

Thank you. For saving me.

(beat)

Good night, R.

R watches as Julie drifts off. And a big smile creeps across his face.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - LATER

R sits in the pilot's chair. He looks over his shoulder, sees Julie sleeping soundly in Coach.

R reaches into his pocket, grabs a chunk of cerebellum. With passion, he bites into it. His body shudders. He slumps in his seat. He...

ERUPTS FROM A DARK, CRUSHING TUNNEL INTO A FLASH OF LIGHT AND NOISE.

And, just like that:

INT. VACANT HOSPITAL - NIGHT FLASHBACK

You are leaning out the window. The wind rips through its shattered plate glass. Julie steps next to you, looks down:

On the snowdusted street below, a zombie walks in a loose circle. It bumps into a car and stumbles, slowly backs up against a wall, turns, shuffles in another direction. It makes no sound.

JULIE

I wonder how it feels--

PERRY

What?

JULIE

To be like them.

The zombie shuffles. The snow falls.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

You walk through a turnstile, flash an ID at a SECURITY OFFICER, and exit the Stadium. Julie is by your side. Bright sunlight dances against your eyelids...

JULIE

I'm sure everything's fine, Pear.

PERRY

I don't know. I haven't heard from him in 2 days...

JULIE

My dad goes weeks without checking in. And macho construction guys like your dad work for days straight, right? It doesn't mean anything. You're just being paranoid.

(beat)

You sure you know where the site is?

PERRY

About a mile east. You got your gun thingie?

JULIE

It's called a gun. And yes.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DUSK

You and Julie spot a construction site on the horizon. Beams and Caterpillars and about a dozen CONSTRUCTION WORKERS stand in the late day sun.

JULIE

See, they're all here.

PERRY

OK. You're right. I'm a freak.

You get closer. And you see your DAD, walking aimlessly back and forth.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Dad!

You're about 50 feet away, when he turns to you.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Hey, Dad!

He starts walking toward you. But something's different. Something's...

PERRY (CONT'D)

Something's wrong.

Julie's eyes widen. The other construction workers turn toward you now. Their eyes are pewter gray. Their jaws snap. And your Dad

RUNS RIGHT TOWARD YOU

Black saliva dripping from his mouth. Snarling. Snapping.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Dad! No!

You fumble for your gun. You try to cock it. Your hand shakes. The undead version of your dad leaps into the air, and...

BANG!

He collapses to the ground. You turn to Julie. A pistol smokes in her hand. Hot tears coat her eyes.

You look down at your dad. You look up. THE OTHER UNDEAD RACE TOWARD YOU. Back to Julie.

You both run.

GRIGIO
(prelap)
These corpses are an epidemic. They
are a disease. One for which there
is no cure...

EXT. MILITARY TRAINING CAMP - DAY

You are Perry Kelvin. You stand in camos and bright sunlight with others like you. Teenagers. Aspiring soldiers. Your windburnt face stares ahead at an OLDER MAN, the same man whose face we saw on the billboard. His uniform is light gray and featureless. He barks orders at you, as he paces back and forth.

GRIGIO
...Other than this!

He cocks his rifle, turns, REVEALING

A lifeless ZOMBIE CORPSE, strung up on the field goal uprights behind him. He SHOOTs IN RAPID FIRE, filling its head with bullets, smiling the whole time.

He drops his rifle, turns and paces again.

GRIGIO (CONT'D)
Aim for the head, Soldiers. Maximum
force. Maximum impact. In order to
kill the Dead, you have to think
like the Dead. Which means you
don't think at all.

(beat)
The Dead have no feelings, so you
have no feelings. The Dead operate
only on instinct. You operate only
on instinct--

(beat)
They are not human. You must learn
that, Soldiers. They are goddamn
meat. So you treat them like
goddamn meat. Now, who wants some
ribeye?

Grigio scans the fresh faces, lands on you...

Of course it's you. You step forward. You're nervous. The rifle feels awkward in your hands. You cock it clumsily, brace it against your shoulder and

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

R's eyes widen.

He looks down. On the console in front of him, the final bite of Perry Kelvin's brain. He stares at it, unblinking. And, finally,

He grabs it, pops it in his mouth...

EXT. THE UNIVERSE - CONTINUOUS

You are Perry Kelvin. Laserbeams and stardust surround you. The cosmos embraces you. The lights turn on and off.

BLACK.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

You are in a dark, crooked room, with about a dozen of your peers. Some hold flashlights; others hold guns. Julie's by your side. She's got a gun. In the corner, a pimply-faced kid plays a video game. Next to you, Nora calls:

NORA

Did you hear that?

PERRY

No.

Behind you, your platoon load weapons into boxes, a flurry of furious activity. Julie turns to you:

JULIE

I did. We should bail.

...THUMP

Everyone stops, looks at each other.

NORA

See. I told you.

YOUNG WOMAN

Pear. *Let's bail.*

And now, the DOOR SLAMS OPEN. A GANG OF ZOMBIES FLOOD THROUGH IT. Your eyes widen in horror. You cock your weapon...

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

R's eyes flutter madly. He doesn't want to see this.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK

You fire off one round. Now two. It's chaos. There are too many of them. They are faster than you thought they'd be. Your eyes fix on a tall one in the center. Its eyes are locked on Julie. Your face reddens with rage. You shoot it in the arm. Its flesh explodes into the air.

PERRY

Got something to say, Corpse?

It turns to you. Your eyes connect under the light of strobing muzzle flares. For some reason, you wait a beat before

You cock your rifle again:

PERRY (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

But before you can get another shot off...

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

R SPITS OUT the remaining chunk of brain. It lands on the console with a sticky thud. R grips the armrests of his deskchair. His body heaves with breath. And then he hears it.

A SCREAM.

EXT. TERMINAL A - MOMENTS LATER

R speed-lumbers down the corridor. He moves down a stopped escalator. The scream grows louder now. It's a girl's voice.

It's Julie.

R turns a corner, and sees her in the distance. At the Departures gate.

Julie's backed into a corner, surrounded by SIX DROOLING DEAD, led by M. Julie holds a GAS-ENGINE HEDGE TRIMMER.

She jabs it at them. With each jab, they flinch. But it does little to slow their steady advance.

Their arms reach for her. She drops to her knees, holding the hedge trimmer above her, eyes closed, tears streaming down her face. Above her, M SNAPS HIS JAWS. Julie shudders. R watches, as M leans in for a bite...

Now, R RUSHES AT HIM FROM BEHIND. He crashes into the crowd, scattering them like bowling pins. He grabs M, PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. The bones of R's hand shatter into seashell crumbs. M's face cracks inward as he drops.

R turns, grabs the next one closest, rams him into the wall! He grabs his head, smashes it into the concrete. Over and over again. Until his brain pops and he goes down.

MEANWHILE...

Julie stabs at a ZOMBIE'S NECK with her hedge trimmer, slicing his head right off!

AN ARM GRABS R FROM BEHIND...

He turns, just in time to see a SNARLING ZOMBIE TAKE A BITE OUT OF HIS RIBS. R flails for his arm, grabs hold,

TEARS IT COMPLETELY OFF THE ZOMBIE'S BODY.

R rears back, swings the arm like Babe Ruth aiming for the cheap seats. He connects with a Zombie's HEAD, which spins a full 360 degrees on his neck before tearing and falling off.

R turns to Julie, proudly holding the musclebound limb. She wields her whirring hedgetrimmer, breathes heavy. Several decapitated corpses lie at her feet.

M (O.S.)

What...the hell?

R and Julie turn, to see M, pushing himself up from the floor. He stands:

M (CONT'D)

What are...doing, you...

He trails off. R looks at him, imploring:

R

Julie.

M moves toward Julie. R steps in front, shielding her.

M
Living! Eat!

R shakes his head:

R
No.

M
EAT!

R
Keep...her safe.

M
EAT!

M advances...

M (CONT'D)
Hey!

M and R both turn. Julie has stepped out from behind R, brandishing her hedge trimmer. She glares at M, revs the machine, says levelly:

JULIE
Back up, buddy.

R
We...go.

Julie links her arm into R's elbow.

JULIE
Yeah. We go.

M's eyes widen. He watches, confused, as Julie and R walk away, in silence. We hear only their feet padding against the linoleum. Until--

The sound of clattering bones fills the room. R, M and Julie turn to the escalators, where a stream of yellowed sinewy skeletons rise up from the floor below. A committee of BONEYS marches forward. R and Julie stand, frozen in place.

They walk toward R and Julie, stop, and fan out into a line. Julie backs away a little, her bravado flattening under their black eyeless stares. She grips R's arm tightly.

One of the BONEYS steps forward, stops in front of R, inches from his face. No breath wafts from its hollow mouth, but a low hum emanates from its bones. R and Julie wait in silence. From across the terminal, M watches, tense.

The Boney turns to Julie, who just stares ahead, terrified, breathing heavy through her nose. Now, its skull pivots to R. The Boney does this again. From Julie. To R. Its spine cracks with every turn. Until finally, its jaw hinges open. And...

A REVERBERATING ROAR fills the terminal. Like an eerie, airless horn blast. Julie winces, hiding her face behind R's shoulder.

Now, it stops. And silence returns. Amongst the silence, Julie's trembling voice:

JULIE (CONT'D)

R--

(beat)

I think we should go now.

R

Don't...worry. Keep...you safe.

The other Boneys advance now, snapping their filed fangs together in a chattering, clattering rhythm. R and Julie back up slowly.

JULIE

I don't feel safe, R...

Now, more Boneys join the circle. R looks worried. He grabs Julie:

R

Run!

They bolt left, trying to dodge around the edge of the Boneys' platoon. A couple of skeletons clatter forward to block his path.

R reaches for them, grabs them by the clavicles, and SLAMS THEM TOGETHER, knocking them into a pile of hooked limbs and interlocked ribcages. A fierce blast of their invisible horn stabs the air. As R grabs Julie by the arm, hauls ass to the nearest Departure Gate...

The Boneys pivot, watch as R turns a corner

A GATES

R and Julie quickly run to gate 24A. They push past the check-in counter, and by the time the Boneys turn the corner, they've disappeared into the gate itself, into the

SKYWAY

A darkened tunnel. We can barely see them. We hear their footsteps, and...

R (CONT'D)
You...leave me?

JULIE
You said a few days. It's been a few days.

Silence.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I can't stay here, R. You realize that, right?

Now, *other footsteps*. Closing in.

R
Faster.

R and Julie move faster. The tunnel creaks with every step. The footsteps are so close now. Deep in the darkness, we hear their snarls, the hum of their bones. Growing louder...

JULIE
R, what if there isn't a plane on the other side of this thing?

R turns to her, confused. Just then,

THE TUNNEL GROANS, COLLAPSES, SUCKING THEM OUT

R falls 20 feet to the concrete. He lands in a cloud of dust. Julie falls right on top of him.

R's eyes open. Julie's straddling him. They lock eyes for a moment. R smiles. Then:

R
Uh...oh...

R grabs hold of Julie,

ROLLS TO THE SIDE

As 3 Boneys come whooshing out of the tunnel above. R just escapes them. Their bodies crash to the ground. Bits of anatomy fly everywhere. Femurs, patellas drop like bowling pins. A cloud of dust in their wake.

R and Julie look ahead. The tarmac glows gray in the rising dawn. R pushes himself up, dusts himself off, helps Julie to her feet.

And they run.

In the distance, a gaggle of Zombies stare in R's direction. And another set of BONEYS emerges from the throng. They step into formation, turn toward R and Julie...

Just beyond, R's 747 looms in the rising dawn.

They run to it.

The Boneys open their jaws and emit a noise from their chest cavities. In unison, like a demonic Buddhist choir. R and Julie freeze in their tracks.

R looks at Julie. She is trembling. One of the Boneys raises his arm in their direction,

Extends a single finger...

JULIE

Shit. Oh, shit.

And, just like that THE ENTIRE ZOMBIE ARMY LUNGES TOWARD THEM, speed-lumbering, their snapping jaws smelling blood.

JULIE (CONT'D)

This is not good.

R and Julie turn and run in the opposite direction..

Just then, a MOTORIZED BAGGAGE CART SLAMS through the crowd! The Zombies collapse. When the dust settles, we see

M, driving right toward them! R smiles. M's cart pulls to a stop.

M

Come...with me...

Julie looks at R, then M. Then R:

JULIE

Nuh-uh. No way. About fifteen minutes ago, I was 95 pounds of sushi to this guy--

M

Want...to help.

Julie glares at M:

JULIE

Who the hell asked you, you blood sausage?

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

I should have hedge trimmed you in
half when I had the chance.

M looks at her, his eyes steel. Now, he chuckles.

M

Got...a live one...R.

The Zombies couldn't be more than a football field away now.
R gets in the back. He motions for Julie to ride shotgun:

R

It's...OK.

JULIE

Yeah, yeah, sure. Of course it is.

She hops in. And M guns it, swinging the wheel to the left.
But there are Zombies everywhere now. One lunges at the cart.
R takes a swing. His fist meets the zombie's head in midair.
The Zombie collapses to the ground.

M drives, turning around to look at R:

M

What...going on...with you?
Bring...back...living...girl?

R shrugs.

M (CONT'D)

She...hot. I would--

R

Shut up. Not...like that.

M

Then...what?

R looks at M. When, suddenly, a ZOMBIE lunges at Julie, GRABS
ONTO HER LEG! She screams! The Zombie's jaws snap at her
thigh! The cart careens forward, as the Zombie clings to her,
limbs flailing. R leans over, PUNCHES it in the back...

M swerves the cart, heads toward an Airbus. He spins the
wheel back and forth, trying to loosen the Zombie's grip!

JULIE

Help! Please!

Now, M drives right toward the wheel of the plane. The Zombie
splatters against it! Its carcass lies curved against its
rubber. It slides down, onto the ground. The cart barrels on:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Over there!

She points at the garage. M swings the wheel in that direction, speeding into the circular structure. He moves up the ramp to P2, then P3, and, finally, they see it:

The Mercedes Convertible. Its front bumper lodged into the back of a Miata. M slows down.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I am so happy to see you right now!

R hops off, grabs Julie. He looks at M:

M

You...okay?

R

Don't...know.

M nods uncertainly.

M

When...figure out...

(beat)

Tell...us.

From the car, a skinless HAND REACHES through the window, digs into Julie's shoulder! A BONEY EMERGES.

Its jaw opens to sink its fangs into her neck, when...

R GRABS IT, flings it to the concrete as hard as he can. But it simply springs back up, lurching toward R's face like some hideous, unkillable insect. It lunges for R's throat:

R

M!

(beat)

Help!

Our CAMERA SWINGS to M, who is busy trying to peel skeletons from his arms, legs and back. They hang off him, but he's holding his own. Julie runs to the wall, grabs a fire extinguisher, starts slamming it into the solid skulls of the Boneys.

MEANWHILE...

A skeleton reaches its boney fingers right toward R's eyes. R flinches in disgust. M hobbles over to him, Boneys still hanging off his every limb. He pulls the skeleton off R, flings it into three others.

M

Go!

Julie runs to the car, gets in the shotgun seat. R follows, bringing the engine to life. Through the windshield, M is running as fast as he can. A mob of skeletons trail behind him. R puts the car in drive, moves forward. M turns, sees him, and quickly adjusts his trajectory...

He crosses right in front of R. The Boneys follow him. And four thousand pounds of German engineering smash into their brittle ossified bodies. They shatter. Two femurs, a tibia, and a cranium land inside the car, where they vibrate and twitch on the seats, releasing dry gasps and insectile buzzes. Julie screams and hurls them out of the car...

JULIE

Oh my God oh my God.

Which moves down to Level 2, then Level 1...

And BLASTS OUT OF THE GARAGE, whizzing past a horde of Zombies that snap and drool and breathe its exhaust.

Because it's cruising the tarmac now.

EXT. TERMINAL C - DAY

The Mercedes cruises past taxis and shuttle buses, exiting the airport. Echoing through the air, a voice intones:

MECHANIZED VOICE (O.S.)

...The White Zone is for the
loading and unloading of passengers
only. There is no parking in the
White Zone...

And a line of the Dead stare after the cherry-red blur, as it moves into the distance. And now, the mechanized voice is replaced by muzak--the Beatles' "A Day in the Life", as the car disappears on the horizon. Still, the Dead stand and stare. Music fills the air, as now

They groan.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The Zombies are in our rear view. The car moves past the blurring arrivals gates. R looks at Julie. Julie looks at R:

R

Safe...

She exhales.

JULIE
Yeah, R. Safe.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

R and Julie drive the convertible under a vine-covered overpass, plump raindrops blipping against their face. They stare ahead, driving on in silence. Until:

JULIE
R...Where are we going?

R
Take...you home...

JULIE
The Stadium?

R nods. Julie laughs:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Really, R? To the Stadium? Are you insane?

R
No.

JULIE
Well, let's think about that a moment shall we? You? Are a zombie. As well-preserved and charming as you may be, you are a zombie, and guess what everyone in the Stadium over the age of ten is training seven days a week to do? Kill zombies.

R clenches. Stares at the gray horizon. They pass beneath a billboard. On it, Colonel Grigio.

JULIE (CONT'D)
So, if I can make this any clearer: You can't come with me. Because they will *kill* you.

Julie's sarcasm dissolves. Her voice becomes tentative:

JULIE (CONT'D)
R, when you attacked us, my friend Nora hid under a desk. She saw you...capture me.
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

You have to let me go, R--or they'll find you. They'll find *all* of you.

(beat)

R, I've always been taught that zombies are walking corpses to be disposed of, but look at you... you're more than that, right? What if there are others like you? In that airport? I don't want to be responsible for that, OK?

Silence. R stares ahead. Thinking, perhaps.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Do you *want* to die, R? To really die?

R

Already dead.

JULIE

No, you're not. I don't know what you are, but you're not dead.

A beat. Then:

R

No. I don't want to die.

Julie looks at him, surprised:

JULIE

I do believe that's the most you've ever said in one mouthful, R.

They drive on.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Julie fumbles with the heater, shivering. It's a warm spring night, but she's drenched. The rain has stopped. R looks at her, shaking there...

He signals and pulls off at the next exit. Soon, they are surrounded by a silent graveyard of suburban grid homes. Julie looks at him. Her teeth chatter.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

R pulls into a weedy cul-de-sac, parks next to a rusted Plymouth Voyager. He puts the car in park, grabs hold of Julie's hand, and walks toward the nearest house.

He moves to the front door, turns the handle. It's locked. R leans back and gives the door a swift kick. Its dry-rotted wood collapses easily. R and Julie step through...

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

R stands in the doorway as Julie moves through the cozy dark space. She spots an old Coleman lantern, finds a strike-anywhere match from the fireplace mantle, and lights it.

The room lights up in a flickering campsite glow. With the pitter-patter of the rain outside, it's almost comforting.

Julie grabs the lantern, moves through the KITCHEN, into the LIVING ROOM. She passes candles, lights them, and continues through the house. R tentatively steps forward now. He eyes a STACK OF OLD MAGAZINES next to the television. *Life, Details, Entertainment Weekly*. Spanning decades.

From the other end of the room, a FLASH. R jumps back, startled. He looks over to Julie, who's holding a Polaroid camera in her hand. She shrugs.

JULIE

Stole it from your plane.

Julie hands R the developing photo:

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's important to preserve memories, you know? Especially now that the world's on its way out.

Julie puts the viewfinder to her eye, circles around the room, taking it all in:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Everything you see, you might be seeing it for the last time. Perry used to say that.

R flinches at Perry's name. He stares down at the picture. A ghostly image begins to take shape. It's R, staring ahead with wide pewter-gray eyes.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Now you do it.

She hands R the camera. And he holds it up, a bit confused at first. But he places it firmly in his hands, looks through the viewfinder.

VIEWFINDER POV: Julie strikes a pose:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Cheese!

FLASH.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

R sits in a plush recliner by candlelight. The rain falls. After a beat, Julie enters the room, wet clothes clinging to her. She looks at him. A beat.

JULIE

I'm exhausted. The bed in there isn't too rotten. I'm going to sleep.

R nods. Julie turns, and R lays back on the cramped loveseat. But she doesn't leave. She just stands there, eyeing him from the bedroom doorway...

JULIE (CONT'D)

R?

R

What?

JULIE

Well...

(beat)

I was just thinking--

(beat)

...I don't mind if you sleep in there. On the floor. These rooms are kinda spooky, you know?

(beat)

So...

She turns and disappears into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Julie is in bed, curled into the fetal position with blankets wrapped tight around her. R lies on the ground, eyes wide open, staring up at the ceiling.

Just then, from outside...

THE NOISE OF ENGINES. Bright Xenon lights cut shadows across the foggy night.

R gets up, walks to the window. He sees a caravan of Humvees. At the front, a SOLDIER driving. He wears the same light gray, featureless uniform we recall from our DREAM. R's eyes narrow, as they focus on...

GRIGIO RIDING SHOTGUN

R stares at him with the type of fear he normally reserves for the Boneys. Grigio's severe eyes scan the landscape in front of him. Now, Julie appears in the window beside him. R looks at her, with anticipation. Will she scream for help?

JULIE

Shhhh.

R nods, surprised.

Beneath, with sudden movement, two Boneys LEAP FROM THE DARKNESS. One clutches at an officer, bringing him down, tearing off his protective headgear, CHOMPING INTO HIS SKULL.

A paroxysm of machine gun fire lights the night. The Boneys explode into dust. Julie looks down, eyes wide, shaking with quiet fear.

And then, just as quickly, the cars pass, leaving nothing but black night in their wake.

Julie tiptoes back over to the bed, gets in. R lies back on the floor. A long beat. Then, from the darkness.

JULIE (CONT'D)

They're after us. You know that,
don't you?

R

Who?

JULIE

All of them.

This lingers in the air. More silence. From across the room, the sound of teeth chattering. The bed shakes.

JULIE (CONT'D)

These clothes are...

She sits up in bed.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

(looks at R)

I'm going to lay my clothes out to
dry. Just...relax, OK?

R says nothing. With her back to him, Julie wriggles out of
her wet jeans and peels her shirt over her head. R's eyes
dart to her back. We hear her say:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Don't look.

R doesn't avert his eyes, simply replies:

R .

OK.

Julie strips down to polka-dot bra and plaid panties. She
gets out of bed and drapes her clothes over the dresser. She
quickly crawls back under the covers and curls up.

R lies there, staring up at the ceiling, listening to Julie's
rhythmic breaths. Then:

JULIE

R?

He looks over.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Do you...have to eat people?

A beat.

R

Yes.

JULIE

Or you'll die?

R

Yes.

JULIE

But you didn't eat me.

R looks at her, confused.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You *rescued* me. Like, a bunch.

R nods slowly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
And you haven't eaten anyone since
then, right?

R simply stares ahead. As a peculiar little half-smile
twitches on Julie's face.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Interesting.

R stares ahead still. Blank.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Well, good night.

Julie shuts the bedroom door. The floor creaks as R settles.
He stares up at the ceiling. The sound of rain drumming on
the roof. We PUSH IN on R. A beat:

R
It...was me.

JULIE
What was you?

R reaches into his pocket, pulls out Perry's gold watch. He
reaches over, hands it to Julie. She looks down at it. A long
beat:

R
Per...ry.

JULIE
Huh.

She just stares into space...

JULIE (CONT'D)
That kinda sucks.

R looks at her, waiting for something. Anything.

R
I'm...sorry.

Nothing. Silence.

R stares up at the ceiling...

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

R has retaken his position on the floor. Julie lies in bed. R
stares up at the ceiling still...

R (V.O.)
The Dead do not sleep.

...As he closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Julie, Perry and NORA (22, Living), sit on the young shore of a recently flooded city port. Behind them, slanted skyscrapers cut jagged lines across the sky. In front of them, a lapping tide. Streetlamps rising from the surf, casting circles of orange light on the waves.

Julie lies on a small patch of sand that's between broken slabs of sidewalk. Perry sits on a nearby driftwood log that was once a telephone pole. Nora sits in front of the log, playing with some pebbles...

[We're not in Perry's POV for this segment. We simply watch the three of them.]

JULIE
OK, guys. Quiz time. What do you
want to do with your life?

PERRY
What are you, your dad? Who cares?

She ignores him:

JULIE
Nora, you go first. And I don't
mean what do you think you *will* end
up doing, I mean what do you *want*
to do.

NORA
Maybe nursing? Healing people,
saving lives...maybe working on a
cure? I could get into that.

PERRY
Why a nurse? Why not go for a
doctor?

NORA
Oh, yeah, seven years of college? I
doubt civilization's even gonna
last that long.

JULIE

Yes it will. Don't talk like that. Some day someone might just figure out the key to this Plague and exhume the whole world.

NORA

Exhume? What does that mean?

JULIE

It means to revive...

PERRY

It means to dig up, like as in digging up a corpse.

JULIE

Whatever. The point is, there's time to be a doctor, if you want.

NORA

Nothing wrong with being a nurse. Nurses are sexy.

(beat)

What about you, Pear Bear? You got a better job in mind?

PERRY

Well, I like plants. So I guess I want to be a...

NORA

Gardener?

PERRY

I don't know. It's stupid. Jobs are stupid. Let's talk about something else...

Perry looks to R, whom we REVEAL STANDING behind them. Waves lap at his feet. Perry furrows his brow:

PERRY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

Perry shakes his head, smiles:

PERRY (CONT'D)

Are you actually dreaming?

R speaks, clearly, for a moment:

R

I don't know.

PERRY
You can't dream, Corpse.
(beat)
Dreaming's for humans.

Julie and Nora turn to R. They are all staring at him now:

JULIE
He can dream if he wants to, Pear.
Chill out.
(beat)
What about you, R? What do you want
to be when you grow up?

R
I don't know.

R (CONT'D)
What about you? What do you want to
be--?

JULIE
I want to be a teacher...

PERRY
Don't waste your time, Loverboy.
She's never gonna fall for it. Not
after you told her you ate her ex.

Julie stands up, glides to R. She's radiant.

JULIE
And a painter. And a singer. And a
poet. And a pilot. And...

R stares. His lips do not move. He speaks in voiceover.

R (V.O.)
You're going to do all those
things. You're going to be tall and
strong and brilliant and you're
going to live forever. You're going
to change the world.

PERRY
It's over, Corpse. Say goodbye.

R's lips don't move. He simply stares at her.

R (V.O.)
Will I really have to?

Julie shrugs sweetly, whispers:

JULIE

Shrug.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

R's eyes open.

Birds chirp. A sharp beam of sunlight cuts through the dust, forming a hot white pool on his face. He turns to the bed--

JULIE'S NOT THERE.

R get up, speed-lumbers to the window. The Mercedes is gone.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

R stands outside, spins around, confused, looking for any sign of her. But there's nothing. Just the birds chirping. And the quiet. R drops his head. He starts to groan.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

R groans, pushes through the splintered door, steps into the house. His eyes scan the living room. Nothing. He speed lumbers around the perimeter, into the

DINING ROOM

R groans, pushes through the splintered door, steps into the house. His eyes scan the living room. Nothing. He speed lumbers around the perimeter, into the

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - DAY

R shuffles onto the overgrown ex-freeway, his head down. Alone. The blue sky shoots sunbeams onto his ragged clothing. He looks into the distance, squints into sunshine. It flares our lens.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

R continues to walk, almost marching. The airport looms deep in the distance now. Stormclouds spiral overhead. Darkness approaches.

EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

The rain comes. The sky explodes black. R shuffles against the wind.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

R clutches his arms to his chest. The rain blasts down in torrents. His teeth start to chatter. He starts to shiver. He looks at himself, confused.

R (V.O.)

Cold.

R approaches an offramp, reflexively walks toward it. A few feet ahead, a triangle of landscaping between the road and the offramp. The type of place you'd pull over to take a leak on a long road trip...

R lumbers to it, picking up speed. He crashes through brush, ducks into a little cluster of trees, a mini-forest of ten or twelve cedars. He curls into a ball at the base of one of the trees, closes his eyes. As lightning flickers on the horizon like flashbulbs and thunder rumbles, we

FLUTTER BLACK.

EXT. PATCH OF GRASS OFF FREEWAY - NIGHT

R's eyes snap open. A BRANCH CRACKS. R scans the area around him. Only the sound of the rain and his own breath.

R crouches to the ground....

Another branch cracks. R's eyes whip around to see a BLACK SILHOUETTE heading right toward him.

Just like that, R springs up. He darts through the trees, crashes through the brush, and runs toward the freeway...

Without slowing, R turns, sees the silhouette darting toward him. R leaps the overpass, runs across the freeway, and begins to ascend a sheer rocky cliff that borders the concrete. The silhouette is on him, inches behind...

VOICE (O.S.)

Wait!

A gnarled hand grasps for his leg, as R scrambles up the hill, the rain pounding against him, his feet deep in the mud...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I...said...wait!

R falls to his knees. He turns around to face his pursuer. A flash of lighting illuminates his face. It is...

R
M?

M's face has been torn and clawed. There are countless small chunks bitten out of his body:

M
You...fast.
(beat)
Almost...had...a heart attack.

R smiles.

M (CONT'D)
Let's...get...out...of...rain.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

R and M stand beneath the overpass. A collection of beer cans and syringes at their feet. Sheets of rain fall on either side of them.

R
What...doing...out here?

M
Take...guess.

He points at his wounds:

M (CONT'D)
Boneys. Chased me out.

R
Sorry.

M shrugs.

M
Fuck...it.

He picks up a few beer cans and upends them, trying in vain to find a drop to drink. He looks up at R:

M (CONT'D)
Guess what?

R looks at him. M smiles.

M (CONT'D)
Some...came with me.

M points down the freeway. Where, blurred by a thick sheet of rain, R can make out 9 other ZOMBIES lumbering slowly toward them.

The nine zombies stop under the overpass and stand behind M. They stare at R blankly. A beat:

R
Hi.

They sway and groan a little. One of them nods.

M
Where...girl?

R
Her name Julie.

M
Ju...lie. OK. Where...she?

R looks down, mumbles:

R
Left. Went home.

M shakes his head, studies R's face. He places a comforting hand onto R's shoulder:

M
You...okay?

R closes his eyes, takes a slow breath:

R
No.

And now, silence. M stares at R. The rain falls. The other zombies stand and groan.

M
Boneys...looking...for you.
For...her.
(beat)
You...started something.

R looks at him, worried. The rain falls. The other zombies stand and groan. Until:

M (CONT'D)
 Had...dream...last night. *Real*
 dream. *Memories*.
 (beat)
 Young. Mother. Cream...of Wheat.
 Summer...time. A...girl.
 (beat)
 Do...you know what it is?

R
 What?

M
 My dream. Those things. Is that--
 (beat)
 Love?

R looks at M. Looks at the 9 zombies standing and groaning
 and listens to the rain and says nothing.

SUPERTITLE: "5 Minutes Later"

R listens to the rain and says nothing, until:

M (CONT'D)
 Is...it?

R
 What?

M
 Love?

R shrugs.

R
 It...is...change.
 (beat)
 We...can change.

M
 We...can?

R
 We...can.
 (beat)
 I...dream. You...dream.
 We...change.

R looks M right in the eye:

R (CONT'D)
 I'm going after her.

M
To...stadium?

R nods.

M (CONT'D)
Why?

R
To...warn...them. About...Boneys.
(beat)
And to show them.

M
Show...them...what?

R
Ev...rything.

No response. Just blank stares. Then, R reaches into his pocket, pulls out Julie's Polaroid:

R (CONT'D)
Help...save...Julie.

At the sound of her name, the other zombies straighten up. Their fingers twitch. Their eyes dart. From M. To R.

M
I ...go with. Help you...get in.
Show...them.

M turns to the assembled Dead, and, in a low rumble, asks:

M (CONT'D)
Help us?

No response.

R
Help find...something lost?
(beat)
Help....exhume.

One of them shrugs. Another nods. Finally, one of them groans:

A ZOMBIE
(affirms)
Help.

The others wheeze in agreement. M looks at R. R grins wide.

R

OK.

He turns, lumbers off. The others eye each other for a beat. Until R freezes, turns around, looks back at them, and...

R (CONT'D)

Come.

On cue, and with great decisiveness, they snap into formation.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

A gang of lumbering silhouettes presses on against the purple sky. Stormclouds clear. Morning comes...

SUPERTITLE: "The Next Day"INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

R stands in the doorway of the bathroom, looking slightly better. Not quite human, but pretty damn good for a zombie. M and the rest turn toward him, size him up. M shrugs:

M

Close...enough.

EXT. STADIUM - DUSK

The gang of Dead move beneath an elevated train track, across an urban street filled with sports memorabilia shops and bars. A series of amber lights line the stadium's perimeter. Powered by portable gennys, they illuminate the dusky night in a humming glow. R's colleagues begin to sniff the air. They sense life. Some drool, some snap their jaws. R looks at them, admonishes:

R

Shhh.

They obey. R points to a UPS truck parked across the street, and the Dead dart behind it, pressing their bodies against it. R leans out slightly, peers around the corner:

R'S POV: 2 blocks away. 4 guards in front of the Stadium's main entrance doors. Shotguns dangle from their shoulders. They chat amongst themselves. R turns back to M, nods:

R (CONT'D)

Thanks. For...doing this.

M

Sure.

R

Don't...die.

M

Trying...not to. Are...ready?

R nods.

M (CONT'D)

Look...alive...out there.

R smiles, brushes his hair back one more time. He takes a deep breath and...

Now he's running. Toward them. Screaming. Waving his arms...

R

Help!

(beat)

Help, they're right behind me!

M and the other Dead lumber after him, groaning theatrically. R runs forward, forcing his best balance and poise...

The Guards raise their guns immediately and open fire. Aim, shoot, fire. Just like that. In robotic rhythm.

An arm flies off. A leg. One Zombie loses its head and goes down. R locks eyes with a soldier, who calls to him, in slow motion:

SOLDIER 1

Hurry!

It's working. They're not aiming at him. R arrives at the front gate. Two more GUARDS emerge, guns drawn. They barely even look at R. Instead, they squint, take aim at their targets, shout to him--

SOLDIER 2

Go! Get in there, man.

So R moves past them. The soldiers continue to fire, rounds of ammo collecting at their feet.

TWO MORE ZOMBIES HIT THE GROUND BEHIND HIM.

R slips through the doors.

INT. STADIUM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The entry rotunda. A makeshift SECURITY STATION stands next to a turnstile. Emerging from a tunnel, an IMMIGRATION OFFICER strides quickly toward R. He holds a clipboard:

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Damn. Close call, buddy. Look, I'm just gonna need you to sign--

SOLDIER 3 (O.S.)

Ted! Look at this shit!

Ted looks ahead through the open doors, sees his fellow soldiers standing dumbstruck. He glances at R:

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Wait right here.

R watches as Ted jogs out and stops next to the guards. They all stare at the eerily animate zombies dashing off into the distant streets. Only they're not lumbering like zombies. They're actually *running*.

Soldier 1 brandishes his cell phone, takes some VIDEO:

SOLDIER 1

They're runnin' like--
(beat)
Us.

SOLDIER 3

Someone better tell Colonel Rosso.

As the soldiers stare ahead, dumbfounded, R turns and runs... He enters a DARKENED TUNNEL. Its mouth opens to a glowing field. A pinprick of light in the distance.

R runs toward the light, like an athlete making his entrance to the big game. He steps to the edge of the tunnel, slows his advance, as he looks out, into the world of the Living.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

The Stadium is one of those dual-event "super-venues", only all the bleachers have been torn out to make room for a grid of miniature skyscrapers, rickety houses built unnaturally tall and skinny to conserve the limited real estate. Their walls are a hodge-podge of salvaged materials--and the whole city is supported by rigid webs of cable running from tower to tower, cinching the grid tight. It's like the sprawling slums of Brazil as designed by a modernist architect.

R wanders down a narrow street, about the width of a sidewalk. Beneath him, old Astroturf peeks through any unpaved strips of asphalt like green moss.

R steps into closeup, SNIFFS the air. Just as an OLDER MAN creaks toward us. R quickly masks his sniff with a fake sneeze. The Man passes:

OLDER MAN

Bless you.

R nods, relieved. His eyes scan the streets, sniffs some more. Now, he presses forward with determination.

INT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

R turns the corner. His eyes settle on an atypically wide metal building. A pale light spreads from the windows. R presses his nose against the glass, sees

A LARGE WIDE OPEN ROOM

Row upon row of white metal tables under fluorescent lights. Dozens of MEN and WOMEN, divided by row into project groups: a row cleaning rifles, sharpening knives, stitching wounds. And, at the edge, very near the window we look through...

THEY DISSECT THE CADAVERS OF THE ZOMBIE DEAD

R turns away quickly, to another window, through which...

A crowd of older kids surround a corral of chain-link fence and concrete freeway barriers. Inside the cage, four figures: a TEENAGE BOY armed head-to-toe in police riot gear, and three badly dessicated DEAD. The Dead lunge for the Boy, biting wildly at his helmet's faceguard. He aims his shotgun, firing wildly.

INSTRUCTOR

Get the head! Forget the rest is even there!

BOY

I'm trying!

...Now, a sniffing noise at R's feet. He looks down to see a German Shepherd puppy studying his leg. Now, it starts eating his calf:

VOICE (O.S.)

Trina, no!

A LITTLE BOY rushes up and grabs the dog's collar, pulling her off R:

LITTLE BOY

Bad dog.

A YOUNG GIRL emerges from the doorway and stands next to him. They are both around 6.

LITTLE GIRL

Don't tell our mom.

R

Do you...know...Julie...Grigio?

LITTLE GIRL

Yeah. Julie? We like her a lot. She's nice.

R

Where...does...she...live?

LITTLE BOY

Uhhmm...Daisy. Daisy Street.

R

Where...is...that?

LITTLE GIRL

Are you a zombie?

R freezes. He looks at her, not sure how to answer. He looks down. Just then, an VOICE from a fifth floor window:

VOICE (O.S.)

Guys. How many times do I have to tell you not to talk to strangers?

The kids look up. R waves, disappears behind a corner.

EXT. STADIUM STREET - NIGHT

A street sign reads Daisy Street. R turns a corner. At the end of the block, a gray building larger than the others. All symmetrical walls and aluminum siding, it looks like a cross between a townhouse and a prison watchtower. R looks up, approaches...

R's eyes fix on the second-story window. A balcony juts from it, incongruously romantic against the austere structure. That is, until one notices two swivel-mounted rifles perched on each corner.

R inches toward a stack of supply crates perched at the side of the house. He kneels beneath them. From inside the house, voices. R closes his eyes, listens.

Our CAMERA SHOOTS UP into the sky, over the balcony, and through double doors into

JULIE'S ROOM

She sits on her bed, wearing just a loose black night shirt over bare legs, talking to Nora, who sits cross-legged in camouflage tanktop and skirt:

JULIE

...When I walked in the door, he just clapped me on the back, like a soldier. Barely said a word. Just "welcome back, Julie." Then he had to run off to some meeting or project or something. I mean, he's more of a zombie than R...

NORA

Stop it, Julie...

JULIE

I'm serious! I mean, 'zombie' is just a name we came up with for a state of being we don't understand.

(beat)

I hate to say it--I know it sounds crazy--but I actually kinda...miss him.

NORA

Oh...k. You're freaking me out. I think I'm gonna go to sleep now.

JULIE

Fine.

NORA

Have sweet dreams about your zombie.

JULIE

Shut up.

And Nora exits.

EXT. GRIGIO HOUSE - NIGHT

R, crouched behind the stack of crates, peers up at the balcony, smiles...

As Julie steps out onto it, breathing in the night air. She sighs, hops up onto the balcony railing, opens her battered old Moleskine, starts to scribble.

R looks from side to side, and steps out from the shadows:

R
(whispers)
Julie...

She doesn't startle. Rather, she turns slowly. A smile melts across her face like a slow Spring thaw:

JULIE
Oh...my God.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What are you doing here?

R
Came to...see you.

JULIE
But I *left*, R!

NORA (O.S.)
Grigio, be quiet! I'm trying to sleep!

JULIE
(calls to Nora)
Sorry!
(turning serious)
R, this is crazy. You're going to get killed. The people in charge here aren't like me, they're like...well, they're like those skeletons. They won't listen to us. They'll just *shoot* you. Do you understand?

R
Yes.

R starts to climb the drainpipe:

JULIE
Jesus, R! Are you listening to me?

R loses his grip on the pipe and falls flat on his back. Julie covers her mouth, but some laughter slips through.

NORA (O.S.)

Are you talking to somebody?

JULIE

No!

R stands up and dusts himself off. He looks up at Julie. She looks down, bites her lip:

JULIE (CONT'D)

R... You can't...

The balcony door flies open and Nora appears:

NORA

Seriously, what's going on--

She looks down, sees R. Her eyes widen:

NORA (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God. Is that *him*?

Julie sighs:

JULIE

Nora, this is R. R, this is Nora.

Nora flinches a bit at the sight of him, pressing her body against the balcony door:

NORA

Make him leave.

JULIE

(snaps)

Be nice.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Julie opens the front door to reveal R, standing there, in shirt and tie. He looks at her:

R

I'm...sorry.

JULIE

I know.

She hesitates, and then. She hugs him, pressing her face into his shirt:

JULIE (CONT'D)
I actually missed you.

They look into each other's eyes, share a tender smile, when, from down the street...

A SPOTLIGHT FLASHES. Two guards bark commands into the otherwise quiet night.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Shit, the patrol.

Julie yanks R inside the house, slams the door behind him:

JULIE (CONT'D)
We should get the lights out, it's almost curfew. Come on.

Julie runs up the stairs. R follows her, taking in the house as he does. It's antiseptic: the kitchen, the den, the walls are white and unadorned. The furniture is aluminum. Rows of fluorescent lights buzz overhead. As R moves up the steps, each one is extinguished. Until only the faint point of light from Julie's room guides him.

INT. JULIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The walls of Julie's room are covered in crude acrylic paintings, black and white photographs. A few posters for bands. The carpet is a mystery underneath piles and piles of wrinkled clothes.

R sits at the foot of the bed. Julie turns on a small antique lamp at the bedside table, sits on the floor in front of him. Nora stands in the corner, pinned against the wall, nervous.

JULIE
Nora, stop embarrassing me.

NORA
I'm sorry. He freaks me out. I can't help it--

JULIE
Talk to him.

NORA
I have nothing to say. Anyway, he doesn't look like a great conversationalist.

R looks at her:

R
I...understand.

Nora slaps a hand over her mouth to stifle a delighted squeak. She looks at Julie, then back to R:

NORA
Oh. My. God.

INT. JULIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

R sits at the foot of the bed. Nora sits indian-style across from him, on a trunk, leaning in to study him:

NORA
How did you die?

R
I...don't remember.

NORA
How old are you?

R shrugs.

NORA (CONT'D)
You look twenty-something, but you could be thirty-something. You have one of those faces. How come you're not all rotten? I barely even smell you.

R
I don't...um...

JULIE
Jesus, Nora, leave him alone. He didn't come here for an interview.

Julie sits down the corner of the bed, leans her elbows on her knees:

JULIE (CONT'D)
I do have one question, though. How the hell did you get *in here*? Into the Stadium?

R
Walked...in.

NORA
How'd you get past the guards?

R
Played...Living.

JULIE
They let you in? *Ted* let you in?

R
Distrac...ted.

JULIE
Wow. That's...
(beat)
You look...nicer. Did you *comb* your
hair, R?

Nora laughs:

NORA
He's in drag! He's in Living drag!

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

All the lights out. Nora sleeps soundly in the bed. R and Julie lie next to each other on the floor, under a thick blanket, using piles of her clothes as a mattress. R stares up at the ceiling, where stickers of the moon and the stars and the comets glow in the dark. Julie whispers:

JULIE
There's nowhere left to go, is
there?

R shakes his head.

JULIE (CONT'D)
The whole world? You think it's all
dead? All overrun?

R
Yes.

JULIE
How could you know that?

R
I don't. But...what I feel.

A beat. Julie lets out a long breath.

JULIE
So what are we supposed to do?

R
Have to...fix it.

JULIE
Fix what?

R
Don't know. Ev...rything.

Julie props up on one elbow:

JULIE
What are you talking about? Fix everything? How exactly are we supposed to do that? If you have some big revelation please share, 'cause it's not like I don't think about this literally all the time. Everything's *so* broken. How do we fix it?

R
Show...them. That we...can change.

JULIE
Show who? No one here's ever gonna buy *that*, not that we could get close enough to even tell them. As soon as they saw you, they'd blow your head to bits--
(beat)
Wait a minute, did you say we?

R
Lots of us...changing
(beat)
Dreaming.

JULIE
(beat)
The plague is healing?

R nods.

JULIE (CONT'D)
That's kind of a big deal.

Silence. Then:

R
Have to...move fast.

JULIE
What do you mean?

R
Boneys...coming here. Chasing...me.
(beat)
Chasing...us.

Julie looks at him with concern. A beat. Then:

JULIE
There might be someone we could
talk to. Someone open-minded, who
works in Security...
(beat)
We could take you to him. Hope he
doesn't completely lose his shit.
But that would mean we'd have to
get you through the Stadium. And
that'd be like strolling through a
mine field. Someone would notice
you...

NORA (O.S.)
We can fix him up!

Julie and R look over to Nora's bed:

JULIE
Go back to sleep.

NORA
I would if you guys would stop
talking about saving the world.

JULIE
Go to sleep, Nora.

NORA
I don't know if I'll be able to.
I'm too excited about my extreme
zombie makeover.

Julie laughs. To R:

JULIE
OK. It's settled then. Tomorrow
we'll go to Rosy and you'll show
him your stupid human tricks.

NORA
And then what?

R
Don't...know.

Another beat.

JULIE
Sounds like a plan.

And with that, she curls into him ever-so-slightly. As R smiles, looks up at glowing sticker constellations, and closes his eyes...

And Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman" swells on the soundtrack, initiating a

MONTAGE

INT. JULIE'S BATHROOM - DAY

R sits on the edge of the tub as Julie and Nora each attack his hair with a scissors. Julie stops cutting, looks at Nora:

JULIE
Will you change this music please?

NORA
What?! It's funny!

Julie shakes her head. Nora goes to her iPod docking station, flips to the next song. From Roy Orbison to Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeroes.

Julie nods, starts to cut again, as

The MONTAGE continues...

--Julie and Nora, each armed with a toothbrush, scrub R's teeth. PUSH IN ON R's mouth. His teeth are rotten and gray. Still, a brief CG TWINKLE flashes as he smiles wide.

--Julie and Nora sit on the bed as R emerges from Julie's WALK-IN CLOSET in a tiny Fleetwood Mac t-shirt and acid-washed jeans that don't make it past his thighs.

--R stands in the CLOSET doorway dressed in tight corduroy shorts and a zip-up hoodie. As he zips it, the sweatshirt tears in two. Julie and Nora look at him, shake their heads.

INT. KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Cream walls and stainless steel. All the appliances rest against one wall in perfect geometrical alignment. Julie and Nora place R's gray shirt, black pants, and red tie through the wash.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

R stands naked in the bathtub. He draws the shower curtain...

TIGHT ON the faucet. As he reaches over and turns it on.

TIGHT ON the nozzle. As water blooms from it.

R exhales, as the steaming water touches his battered body.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Julie and Nora sit on the kitchen island, staring at the dryer as R's clothes spin round and round...

NORA (O.S.)

What's your name?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

R sits at the foot of the bed. Julie and Nora stand above him, as makeshift inquisitors:

R

Arrrrr...

NORA

Archie. Your name is Archie. Say it.

R

Arrrrchie.

JULIE

Good!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON the drain. Dirt and blood pool at its perimeter...

We see R in a MCU now, from behind, beneath cascading water, his true skin emerging: pale gray, marked by cuts, bites, bulletwounds, etc.

NORA (O.S.)

And where are you from?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

R
Lehman...Field.

NORA
(nods)
You're from Lehman Field, and you
work in Gardens.

R
Gar...dens.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie and Nora sit on the bed, with R's clothes and a sewing kit. They run a needle and thread through the most noticeable holes.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

R looks at himself in the mirror, half obscured by the beveled prism of the shower door.

TIGHT ON his eyes, they widen.

TIGHT ON R's tie. The dirt that was formerly there, gone. It gleams in pristine, saturated red. Julie's hand reaches into frame to tighten the knot.

TIGHT ON Julie's hand. She squeezes a dollop of hair gel into it, moves it through R's follicles, gleaming in sunlight.

JULIE (O.S.)
Come on, Nora. He doesn't even
stink.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julie stands next to Nora, who holds a cologne bottle in her hand. She dumps it on R's head. R stands there, fixed, unmoving, unblinking, as cologne drips down his face...

NORA
He stinks just a little bit.

ANGLE ON R

He sits in front of the mirror like a Hollywood actress getting ready for her closeup. Nora and Julie sit on either side of him applying powder...

...applying rouge...

R, fully madeup. We PUSH IN ON his face, as he stares at himself in the mirror. His lips curl into a smile.

And then... He LAUGHS. It just kinda bubbles out of him.

Nora and Julie stand back, eyes wide with surprise. They look R up and down.

NORA (CONT'D)

Oh my...

JULIE

Wow. You look...

NORA

You look hot!

(beat)

Julie, can I have this one?

JULIE

Please shut up.

(beat)

One last thing...

She inspects the narrow slot where her knife once pierced. She takes a Band-Aid in hand, carefully unfurls it across the bloodless wound.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(quiet)

I'm sorry, R...

R shrugs. Julie smiles, pressing the Band-Aid into his flesh.

JULIE (CONT'D)

OK.

(beat)

I think you're ready to face the world.

R stands up, brushes himself off, straightens his tie. He hinges his elbow, places his hand against his waist. Julie promptly takes his arm, looks up at him:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Shall we?

INT. THE STADIUM - DAY

R walks beneath hopelessly stained laundry that hangs from support cables between buildings.

Flapping in the wind like surrender flags. By day, the city is packed and bustling with people. Julie and Nora flank R, move forward with tight smiles on their faces. Past a cattle pen, filled with moaning, hormone-pumped cattle.

JULIE

The Citi Stadium Security Center is right around this corner.

They turn the corner, come upon one of the few buildings made entirely of corrugated metal. The word "SECURITY" is stenciled in black spraypaint on its doors. Julie enters first, R and Nora follow behind.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - DAY

A room filled with Picassos, Warhols, Van Goghs, etc. In the center, a simple desk, where a YOUNG SECURITY OFFICER sits. R looks around at the art, then to Julie, who shrugs.

JULIE

It's safe here.

(to Officer)

Hey Todd, is Rosy around?

SECURITY OFFICER

Hey Jules. Yeah, he's in his office. Who's this guy?

JULIE

Security Captain from Lehman Field.

SECURITY OFFICER

Go on in.

They move past the desk...

INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR - DAY

R, Julie and Nora walk down the sparsely decorated fluorescent corridor to Colonel Rosso's office. When they arrive at the closed door, Julie stops, turns to R and Nora:

JULIE

Let me go in first, talk to him. It might be a little overwhelming all at once.

R nods. Julie knocks.

INT. COLONEL ROSSO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL ROSSO, (55, living), kind-looking, weathered face, sits at his desk. He's dressed in the featureless light gray uniform of a Security officer.

JULIE

Hi, Rosy.

ROSSO

Miss Grigio...

Pictures line his walls: a younger version of him in proper US Army uniform, smoking a cigarette in front of the flooded New York skyline. Another shot of him and General Grigio overlooking crumbled London. Bombed-out Paris. Smoldering Rome.

ROSSO (CONT'D)

Very sorry to hear about Perry. He was a good officer and a good man. We'll miss him very much.

JULIE

Thanks, Rosy. I will too.

ROSSO

What can I do for you?

JULIE

(beat)

Rosy, what if I told you I knew how to end this whole cycle?

ROSSO

I'm sorry--?

JULIE

This plague.

ROSSO

Julie, I know you're broken up over Perry. We all are--

JULIE

Rosy, I have proof. Let me show you something...

INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR - DAY

Nora and R stand outside, their faces close to the door. When the footfall of footsteps echoes down the corridor. Nora peeks her head around the corner, turns, freezes:

NORA

Shit.

R looks at her. Nora's eyes dart to the end of the corridor, where

A MAN IN UNIFORM MARCHES TOWARD THEM. This is..

NORA (CONT'D)

Julie's dad.

COLONEL GRIGIO. He is flanked on each side by an OFFICER of some kind. R's eyes widen.

NORA (CONT'D)

Wait right here. Do not move.

Nora moves to the door, knocks:

NORA (CONT'D)

Um, Julie?

Grigio approaches. Left, right, left. He spots R, calls after him:

GRIGIO

This is a secure corridor. What are you doing here?

R locks eyes with Nora, who shrugs, terrified. He turns away, walks:

NORA

Mr. Grigio! How are you?

GRIGIO

Nora? Who's that with you?

Just then, Julie opens the door to Rosso's office, looks from side to side, to see...

JULIE

Dad?

GRIGIO

Julie? What are you doing here.

JULIE

You were supposed to be working through the night on Corridor 2.

GRIGIO

Change of plans.

He enters the office. Rosso salutes, stands at attention:

ROSSO

Everything all right, sir?

Grigio shakes his head.

GRIGIO

Colonel Rosso. We were working at corridor 2 about 6 hours ago when we encountered these...

Grigio holds up a handheld PDA device. On it, pixillated video images of Boneys, attacking soldiers, tearing at their flesh. Rosso looks at it, wide eyed. Julie gulps.

ROSSO

I've never seen anything like them.
What are they, sir?

GRIGIO

I don't know, Colonel. Best guess is some advanced form of Fleshy. The next stage in their evolution, perhaps...

(beat)

All I know is they took out 16 of my men. They are fierce. They are hard to kill. There's a whole hell of a lot of them. And they're advancing.

ROSSO

Advancing?

GRIGIO

Toward the Stadium.

(to Julie and Nora)

Go back home. Lock the doors. I'll be there soon.

JULIE

When?

GRIGIO

Julie, leave.

JULIE

Maybe I could help...

Grigio chuckles, turns to Rosso:

GRIGIO
We'll need to fortify the
perimeter.

Julie turns, walks out.

ROSSO
Miss Grigio, was there something
you wanted to show me?

She turns to Rosso, shakes her head:

JULIE
That's OK.

GRIGIO
Close the door behind you.

She does, but not before hearing:

GRIGIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
At this rate, they'll be here in
under 6 hours, Colonel...

EXT. SECURITY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

R exits the building. The waterfall noise of the city rushes back into his soundscape, as he scans the crowd: over there, a COUPLE SOLDIERS laugh, clap each other on the back. Beyond, two CHILDREN walk dutifully with their parents. A WORKMAN trudges down the street. Supplies jangle in his toolbox. R's pewter gray eyes lock with his baby blues...

And R quickly looks away. And suddenly he feels very much alone. As a THUNDERCLAP shakes the sky. R lowers his head, does his best human impression as he shuffles down the street, turns the corner...

Just as Nora and Julie exit the building.

EXT. STADIUM STREETS - NIGHT

Rain falls. In the dim light of a far-off streetlight, R huddles in a doorway. He peers out, looks from side to side:

Nothing. No one.

He begins to walk.

EXT. STADIUM STREETS - NIGHT

Streetlamps cut long shadows across uniform buildings. Laughter echoes far off in the night. As R turns the corner. The crudely poured asphalt glitters black and wet beneath his feet.

He reaches another corner, peers around the edge, and

There, like actors spotlighted in a low-budget stage production, two BIG MEN WITH GUNS, whom we will call GUARD 1 and 2. They stand under a lamp, right in front of TWO GIANT DOUBLE DOORS. They talk. As R moves toward them, we hear a snippet of their conversation:

GUARD 2

I tell ya, I can't wait to get out
of this stadium. See trees again.
See the ocean again...

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)

Yeah, OK, Wordsworth. I'm takin' a
leak.

Guard 2 moves away. Guard 1 stands in the spotlight, pulling his parka tighter as the rain comes down. R staggers close to him now. Guard 1 looks up. R's about to pass, when...

GUARD 1

Stop right there!

R stops. Frozen. Quiet. Only the sound of raindrops. The Guard takes a step toward R:

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Step into the light please, sir.

R steps into the light. He stands on the very edge of the yellow circle, shaking slightly. Rain pelts his face. Drips off his hair. It washes away his makeup. The hash-marks across his face are starting to show.

The Guard shakes too. His eyes widen. His hand is on his gun. He's about 5 feet away now. He takes a step closer:

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

What's your name, sir?

R's fearful eyes glow in half-shadow. His V.O. kicks in.

R (V.O.)

Your name is Archie. Say it. You
are from Lehman Dome.

(MORE)

R (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You work in Gardens. You are
definitely not a zombie. Not a
zombie...

R opens his mouth...

R (V.O.)
Say it.

...And a moan comes out.

R
Uhhhhhhnnnn....

The Guard's eyes flash wide.

GUARD 1
What the--?

He whips out his flashlight and shines it into R's
graystreaked face. R cringes. The guard SMACKS R in the head
with his flashlight. R drops to the ground, covers his head.
The Guard removes his gun. R looks up. The barrel's right in
his face. In a panic, he barely forms the words:

R
No--please.

At the sound of R's voice, the Guard furrows his brow:

GUARD 1
What'd you say?

And for a moment, something that passes for sympathy flashes
across the Guard's face. R looks up, again:

R
Please...

Just as quickly, it disappears. And now, the Guard cocks his
pistol. Almost simultaneously...

R LEAPS TOWARD HIM. With lightning quickness, he pounces on
the Guard, knocks his gun aside and bites down on his throat.

WIDE SHOT

R tears into the Guard like an animal, shaking him like a dog
who's just caught a squirrel.

CLOSEUP

The Guard looks up at R with blood streaming down his face:

GUARD 1

Please. No! Don't eat me. I have a family. Please. I don't want to become one of you!

R leans in, sniffing, snarling. He takes a final bite...

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

You Flesh-eating bastard!

...And the Guard goes limp. It's quiet again now. Just the rain. As R looks down, heaving. He SLAMS the Guard's HEAD against the ground...

Over and over again. And then he reaches into his cranium,

Grabs a CHUNK OF BRAIN. He pops it into his mouth. Simon & Garfunkel's "The Boxer" swells. R bites down,

Doubles over,

And VOMITS all over the ground.

R's head rises, spittle dripping off his lip. And now, a NOISE. R turns to see...

The Guard's body twitching back to life. His shoulders slowly rise, dragging the rest of his limp parts with him as though he's being pulled upward by unseen fingers. R casts one last glance to the weapons stockpile, and...

Carefully walks down the street. His lumber transforms back to a deliberate stroll. He's cloaked in shadow. He passes Guard 2, smoking a cigarette, returning from his bathroom break. Guard 2 gives R a slight nod, continues. In the distance, Guard 1 moans. Guard 2 eyes him.

GUARD 2 (O.S.)

Hey, Schmidt. What happened to you?

And now, the familiar noise of carnage, as Guard 1 tears into Guard 2. Thumping, snarling violence. R doesn't look back as he turns the corner.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain falls still. R sits on the ground, cowering in darkness like a frightened child. He leans against the side of Julie's house, shielded from the rain by the roof's eave.

In the distance, he sees Julie's red hoodie bobbing toward the house. It's cinched tight around her face.

Nora holds her denim jacket above her head. They both run toward the house. Suddenly, Julie stops. She peers her head around the corner.

JULIE
Jesus, R. Where have you been?
(beat)
Are you OK?

R nods. Julie turns to Nora, calls:

JULIE (CONT'D)
He's here. I'll be right in.

R hears the front door shut, and Julie walks to him.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You scared me. You just
disappeared.

She sits down next to him on the patch of dry ground, leans against the house. She takes off her hood and brushes the hair out of her eyes:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Do you want to tell me what
happened?

R shakes his head. She scoots around to face him:

JULIE (CONT'D)
I was so worried about you.

She looks down, her face silhouetted against dim streetlights that bleed under raindrops. R stares ahead.

She looks up. The rain falls onto her face. She doesn't bother to wipe it away. She looks at R, sitting there, and:

JULIE (CONT'D)
R--
(beat)
If I kiss you, will I die?

R stares at her. Her eyes are steady.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I won't, right? I don't think I
will. Get infected, I mean. Because
I really feel like kissing you. Is
that weird?

R
Too...risky.

JULIE

Even if you did pass something to me, maybe it wouldn't be all bad. I mean, you're different now, right? You're not a zombie.

She moves in closer.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You're something new.

Her smile fades. She looks at him, serious and sexy.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Well, R? What do you think?

R

Don't...want you to...be like...me.

JULIE

Come on, R. You're not so bad...

She leans in, her lips part slightly. A dewdrop of moisture glimmers in her mouth, on her cherry tongue. R looks deep into her eyes. He opens his mouth, and:

R

I did something bad.

BANG!

The Stadium's field halogens flare like supernovas in the night. It feels like day in here, even though it's midnight.

JULIE

Shit.

(beat)

We gotta get inside. Come with me!

They turn, run into the house. A PIERCING ALARM further shatters the night's stillness.

They race up the stairs...

To the window. Julie slides the shade to the side, revealing:

The JUMBOTRON, aglow. Hanging from the upper reaches of the open roof like a tablet descending from heaven. The screen plays a blocky animation of a quarterback running from what appears to be a zombie, arms outstretched and clutching. The screen blinks between this and something else. R stares at it. Squints at it. And the letters take shape, morphing, snapping into something clear. A word...

R
B-b-br-breach.

Julie looks at him, surprised:

JULIE
You can read?

R shrugs.

JULIE (CONT'D)
R--
(beat)
What did you do?

He looks at her desperately:

R
No ch...no choi...no *choice*.

Julie presses her lips together. Her eyes bore into him:

R (CONT'D)
Guard...stopped. Didn't...mean.
Didn't...want.

She shakes her head, as if banishing a thought:

JULIE
OK. Let's just stay calm. God damn
it, R.

Nora appears in the doorway:

NORA
What's going on out there?

JULIE
It's a breach.
(beat)
Zombie in the Stadium.

NORA
You mean him?

R
Yes and...no.

Outside, the sounds of Guards running and shouting. Gunfire. They cower on the ground, all three of them. There in the darkness, with the sound of their own breath. More gunfire. Julie whispers to Nora.

Outside, the sounds of Guards running and shouting. Gunfire. They cower on the ground, all three of them. There in the darkness, with the sound of their own breath. More gunfire. Julie whispers to Nora. Nora shoots a look at R:

NORA

You really ate someone?

R

Didn't...mean. Was going...kill me.

Her face is blank. R meets her stare. He considers. Then it all pours out.

R (CONT'D)

It was my last. No matter what.
Swear.

Just then, a speaker in the ceiling blares out:

VOICE (O.S.)

Two. Eight. Twenty four.

They look out the window, eyes wide:

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is Colonel Rosso with a community-wide notice: We have a breach. I repeat, we have a breach. Security patrols will now begin a door-to-door search of every building in the Stadium. We're going to ask everyone to congregate outside in order to expedite our search.

(beat)

Sorry about this folks. We'll get it taken care of. Just sit tight.

There's a click. And the PA goes quiet. Julie, R and Nora crouch there in the darkness, looking at each other:

NORA

Did they just announce a sweep?

Julie nods. R looks at her. A few agonizing beats. Now, Nora slowly nods, looks at Julie:

JULIE

We've gotta get out of here.

NORA

Where will we go? According to your dad, those skeletons will be at our doorstep in under 3 hours. It's safer in here than out there.

(beat)

And they shut everything down when there's a breach, anyway. All the doors will be locked and guarded. They might even shut the roof if they get scared enough.

JULIE

(thinking)

There was an exit somewhere by the bullpen construction, wasn't there? We can use it to get out.

With that, the front door of the house BANGS OPEN. Heavy booted footfalls come up the stairs. R's eyes widen.

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's Dad.

She jumps to her feet, runs out of the bedroom door. But not before turning back to Nora, hissing:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Get his makeup back on.

She slams the door shut. R's eyes dart from side to side in confusion. Nora shoots him a look:

NORA

Come on. Hurry.

She jumps up.

INT. JULIE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nora fumbles with her compact, trying to rerouge R's rainstained face. From the hallway:

JULIE (O.S.)

Dad, what's going on? Did they find the zombie?

GRIGIO (O.S.)

Not yet but they will. Have you seen anything?

JULIE (O.S.)

No. I've been here.

GRIGIO (O.S.)
Are you alone?

JULIE (O.S.)
Yeah. Of course.

Nora scampers across the bathroom to the medicine cabinet,
grabs some foundation.

GRIGIO (O.S.)
If you're alone, why is the
bathroom light on...?

Nora tiptoes back.

GRIGIO (CONT'D)
And why do I hear people moving
behind the bathroom door?

NORA
Ugh.

Footsteps pound toward them.

INT. JULIE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grigio's reaching for the door handle. Julie steps in front
of him:

JULIE
Wait! Dad, just wait a second!

She lowers her voice:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Nora's in there. With a guy.

GRIGIO
You just said you were here alone.
Now, all of the sudden, Nora's in
the bathroom...with a man?

JULIE
They're...you know...in there.

There is the briefest of hesitations. Then, Grigio shouts:

GRIGIO
Come out immediately!

Nora straddles R against the sink, buries his face in her
cleavage just as...

Grigio yanks the door open.

JULIE

Dad!

Julie flashes Nora a quick look. Nora shrugs.

GRIGIO

Come out, you two.

R and Nora step out of the bathroom. Nora straightens her clothes and pats down her hair, feigning embarrassment. Grigio looks back at R with his taut, angular face. He takes a step forward, until he's barely a foot away:

GRIGIO (CONT'D)

Who are you?

R

R...r...

(beat)

Archie.

JULIE

He's Nora's new boyfriend. I just met him today.

His jaw muscle twitches, but he doesn't respond. He looks at Nora, gives her a quick nod, then he looks at R. He looks at R very hard. His hand darts to his belt. R's eyes flick down.

Grigio snatches his WALKIE TALKIE, clicks it:

GRIGIO

Ted. The individual who slipped past you yesterday. You said it was a young man in a red tie. Tall, thin, poorly complected.

R's eyes stay on the ground.

JULIE

Dad.

The walkie squawks. The general puts it away and pulls a pair of thumb-cuffs from his belt:

GRIGIO

You are hereby detained for unauthorized entry--

JULIE

Jesus Christ, Dad.

Julie steps forward, pushes his hands away:

JULIE (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you? He's not an intruder, he's just visiting for the weekend--

GRIGIO

Visiting for the weekend? Where are you visiting *from*, Archie?

R

...Lehman Dome.

GRIGIO

Lehman Field.

R

Yes, sir.

GRIGIO

What do you do at Lehman Field?

R

Gardens.

GRIGIO

Are you wearing makeup, Archie?

Then, with little fanfare, with brutal quickness,

GRIGIO STABS R

Right in his shoulder. The blade runs right through, sticking into the drywall, pinning him there. R doesn't so much as wince.

JULIE

DAD!

GRIGIO

Julie! Did you bring the Dead into my city? Into my home? Did you let the Dead *touch* you? Did you--?

JULIE

Dad! Listen!

(beat)

R is different, OK? He's *changing*.

GRIGIO

The Dead do not change! There is no cure!

JULIE

Look at him, Dad! Can't you see it?
He saved my life. He protected me
and he brought me home! He's *human*!

Grigio reaches a hand toward R's wound, paints a finger
across it. He holds it up for Julie to see:

GRIGIO

No blood. Humans bleed, Julie. We
bleed.

Julie's starting to cry now...

JULIE

Dad, please. He talks. You *talked*
to *him*. The Dead don't talk--

Grigio considers this a beat.

R

Please...

Grigio pulls his gun from its holster, presses it into R's
forehead. Directly onto Julie's Band-Aid.

GRIGIO

No.

JULIE

Dad, just *listen*.

Grigio cocks his gun. And

BLOOD SPLATTERS R'S FACE. And, in a flash, we see Julie's
bowie knife glancing off Grigio's hand, slicing a deep gash.

GRIGIO

Arrrgh!

The gun flies out of his grip, hits the floor,

And FIRES. Everyone drops for cover. It fires again, and
again as the kick knocks it against the walls of the narrow
hallway.

The gun finally spins to rest touching Nora's toes. In the
immediate silence, she stares down at it.

She looks to Grigio. Cradling his slashed hand. He DIVES FOR
IT.

Nora picks the gun up, aims it at his face:

NORA
I'm sorry, Mr. Grigio.

The General inches forward as if about to pounce anyway. Nora pops out the spent ammo clip, whips a fresh one out of her purse, shoves it in the gun and chambers a round. She does it in one motion, without ever taking her eyes off Grigio. He steps back.

NORA (CONT'D)
Good thing every boy and girl gets
such good military training around
here.
(to R & Julie)
Go. Try to get out somehow. Just
try.

Julie grabs R's hand. They back out of the room while Grigio just stands there, vibrating with rage.

JULIE
Goodbye, Dad.

They turn, run down the stairs. In the background, Grigio roars:

GRIGIO (O.S.)
JULIE!!!!!!

EXT. STADIUM STREETS - NIGHT

Under the blinding klieg lights of the stadium, R and Julie move down a thin street. Julie leads the way, holding R's hand as he tries to keep up. They reach the corner. Julie looks from side to side frantically. She turns, desperate:

JULIE
Shit. I don't know.
(beat)
Let's try this way.

They move down another narrow alley, lined with garbage. It lets out onto a

CITY SQUARE

Where a throng of people stand, squished into a small space that looks like it was used as a bullpen for baseball games. The din of chatter, murmurs of confusion. On the perimeter, a few SOLDIERS. R peers across. He can't see much through the teeming crowd of people. He's scared. Julie locks eyes with him:

JULIE

Listen to me, R. We're going to get
out. We *have* to. Come on.

R nods. Julie grabs his hand tight. He keeps his head down,
as they move through the crowd, clearing people aside. At
first, he is barely noticed. Then, a few people protest:

MAN 1

WOMAN 1

Watch it!

Hey!

Julie leads the way, arm extending taut behind her. As they
move through the throng, more people shove, collapse into
them. And suddenly, R's fingers unravel from hers. Julie
turns around:

JULIE (CONT'D)

R!

R is pulled back even further from her by the inertia of the
crowd. He looks toward her:

R

Julie!

A Soldier's eyes dart to him. R pushes harder through the
crowd, trying to reach her. The Soldier signals another
GUARD. They slowly enter the crowd, eyes fixed on R.

The crowd spits Julie out at the mouth of an alley. R pushes
toward her, throwing people aside. They collapse in on him
just as quickly...

...And now, a YOUNG BOY looks up at R, fixing on his gray-
black eyes:

YOUNG BOY

Zombie!

Stunned silence. The Soldiers cock their rifles.

Now, screams from the crowd. Julie at its edge. She jumps up,
peering over the crowd, trying to make eye contact with R.
He's close to her now, mere feet away. He reaches his hand
toward hers...

The Soldiers close in. One has R in his sights...

R and Julie's hands touch. She grabs him, pulls him out of
the crowd. They enter the alley

Just avoiding the soldier's GUNSHOT. Sirens blare.

INT. STREET - DAY

R and Julie turn onto an empty street, running now. To their left, about halfway down a neon sign that flashes "THE ORCHARD".

JULIE

This way.

She grabs R's hand, pulls him into the doorway.

INT. THE ORCHARD - MOMENTS LATER

The Orchard is a pub, or at least the closest thing you can get to a pub in this new era of Prohibition. It's the first building that we've seen in the Stadium with some trace of character. All the usual drinking accoutrements are here: dart boards, pool tables, flatscreen TVs with warped VCR tapes of old FOOTBALL GAMES playing on a loop. Zeppelin plays on the juke. Julie leans in, whispers:

JULIE

Right on the other side... Come on.

They move with forced casualty, weaving past tables filled with MEN IN UNIFORM and scattered FEMALES who hang off their every word. In the corner, next to an ancient Big Buck Hunter, they spot the back door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Miss Grigio!

They turn and look across the bar. Colonel Rosso is at the bottom of the steps, surrounded by a retinue of SECURITY OFFICERS.

ROSSO

Please don't run!

Julie locks eyes with him. She looks at R. Then, quickly,

She runs. Rosso calls out:

ROSSO (CONT'D)

Corpse!

Suddenly, EVERY MAN IN THE BAR PULLS A WEAPON. The sound of a hundred guns being cocked. R and Julie disappear through the back door.

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

And burst out into a thin alley that dead ends at a wall. They hit it. Above, a sheer barrier laced with scaffolding, ladders, and walkways to nowhere.

But one section hasn't been demolished yet. A wide dark hallway beckons from the top of a flight of steps. It leads deep into the Stadium's innards. Everything on either side of the staircase has been stripped away, leaving it floating in space. Julie looks at him, sweating, breathing heavy, smiling intensely.

Behind them, Rosso appears in the doorway, along with his security team. He's the only one without his gun drawn. Julie turns from him, to the stairs.

JULIE

This is it. Come on!

They run up the stairs. The black opening looms larger above them. A MILITIA has formed, led by Rosso, and they charge up the stairs too. Closing fast.

Julie pulls R into the hallway. They escape into the dark.

INT. STADIUM CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

R and Julie run through the darkened stadium. Voices echo in the night behind them. They hustle past the silhouettes of hot dog stands, souvenir kiosks, and 10 dollar beers.

In the distance, a faint light creeps through holes in the concrete. A sign on a door:

EMERGENCY EXIT

Shouts of soldiers behind them. Julie runs faster, dragging R with her. They slam into the door. It flies open--

JULIE

Oh shiiii--

Beneath them, an EIGHT STORY DROP. Julie gasps and whips around, grabbing onto the door frame as one foot dangles in the air. R stops his momentum, holds himself in the door frame.

Cold wind whistles around the doorway, where torn stumps of a fire escape protrude from the wall. Birds flutter past. Below, the city spreads out like a vast cemetery. Highrises like headstones.

ROSSO
Miss Grigio...

Rosso and his Officers roll to a stop about 20 feet behind them. Rosso is breathing hard, too old for this hot pursuit.

R looks out the door at the ground below. He looks at Julie. Down again. Now back to Julie:

R
Julie..

JULIE
What?

R
Are you sure you want...to come
with me?

ROSSO
Miss Grigio, don't make me do
this...

She looks at R, straining for breath:

JULIE
Yes.

ROSSO
Julie. You can't leave your father
here. You're all he has left.

She bites her lower lip, but her eyes are steely:

JULIE
Dad's dead, Rosy. He just hasn't
started rotting yet.
(beat)
I'm sorry. I have to.

Rosso shakes his head:

ROSSO
Very well. You leave me no choice.
(beat)
Aim for his head.

Julie looks at R, grabs his hand. Squeezes it hard.

JULIE
Well, R?

R pulls her to him. He wraps his arms around her. They are face to face. R takes two steps backward,

AND THEY FALL THROUGH THE DOORWAY

They plummet to the ground. A hail of gunfire bursts light the night above them. R's arms and legs encircle Julie, enveloping her tiny body.

They CRASH through a roof overhand. A support bar tears into R's thigh. His head bounces off a beam. They tangle in a cell phone banner and rip it in half.

And R's back CRUNCHES against the ground. Julie rolls off him with a groan. R lies there, staring up at the sky.

A beat. As Julie forces air back into her lungs. She leans over R with terror in her eyes. Her face eclipses the burning lights of the stadium:

JULIE (CONT'D)

R! Hey!

R lifts himself upright and hobbles to his feet. Bones grind and crackle throughout his body. He smiles, and in his breathy tuneless tenor, he sings:

R

You make me feel so young...

Julie bursts out laughing, hugs him. More cracking, snapping of joints into place. Julie looks up into the open doorway, where Rosso stands, framed by darkness. Julie waves at him,

And he disappears back into darkness. Julie turns to R:

JULIE

We better get out of here.

R nods. About 100 feet off, delineated by a derelict elevated train, the perimeter of the city. R and Julie run.

INT. CITY - DAWN

R and Julie dash through empty streets, past rusty cars, drifts of dead leaves and debris. Just ahead of them, the edge of town. The high, grassy hill where the city opens up and the freeway leads elsewhere.

R and Julie crest the hill...

And see an ARMY.

Hundreds of them stand in the grassy field next to the freeway ramps. They mill around in the grass, staring at the sky or at nothing. Their gray, sunken faces oddly serene.

The front of the line freezes. In unison, they turn toward R and Julie.

Julie glances at R, a thin smile on her face. Then a disturbance ripples through the ranks, and a burly, bald, six-foot-five zombie pushes his way into the open:

R

M.

M walks toward them, nods:

M

R.

(beat)

Julie.

She leans into R warily:

JULIE

Hiii...

R

What...are you doing here?

M

Have...army.

(beat)

Ready...for battle.

R nods. He puts his hand on Julie's shoulder, turns to address the crowd:

R

Julie!

The crowd shivers. A couple sets of teeth SNAP.

R (CONT'D)

Julie! We keep her safe.

M stand next to them.

M

Keep her safe!

The throng of Dead look at them, standing there, with fascination, as R looks at Julie. He sees all the scrapes and bruises she's acquired. He touches her face, where a shallow cut makes her wince.

R

You're hurt.

JULIE
Not too bad.

R
Why did...you come?

JULIE
To keep you safe.

R
But why?

She gives R a soft smile, the cut on her cheek brightens with fresh blood.

JULIE
Because I like you Mr. Zombie.

She wipes the blood away, looks at it, smears it down R's neck.

JULIE (CONT'D)
There. Now we're even.

In the distance, single ZOMBIE crests the hill, running from the direction of the freeway. He waves his hands, gesticulating wildly. Two more ZOMBIES run behind him.

And, behind them, one, then two, then five and six SPINDLY WHITE SHAPES BURST OUT OF THE DISTANT TREES and overtake the fleeing zombies.

These Boneys DRAG them down, HAMMER their heads against the pavement. They STOMP their BRAINS.

They gather. Until they are an army, gathering on the road in a vast, clattering swarm. R looks at M:

JULIE (CONT'D)
What do we do?

We hear the roar of engines. R, M and Julie turn in the direction of the Stadium, where a phalanx of trucks barrel toward them. Hummer H2s, spray-painted a pseudo-military olive drab. Machine guns mounted on them. R looks from side to side. From the Airport, the Boneys approach. From the Stadium, the Living. There's only one choice:

R
They're...chasing...us, right?

Julie nods.

R (CONT'D)

We...go to city. Lead...Boneys in.
Let Living...clean up.

JULIE

They won't discriminate between
Boneys and Fleshies, R. They'll
wipe you all out.

M

We'll hide...

The dueling armies grow closer now. Sporadic machine gun
fire. Fleshies snarl. M turns to the group:

M (CONT'D)

New plan!
(beat)
To the city!

R and Julie lead the way. They scramble down the embankment
toward the city. The throngs of Dead follow. This is greeted
by bursts of machine gun fire. Fleshies drop left and right.

ANGLE ON THE BONEYS

So close you can hear the hum of their bones. The Leader, at
the head, looks toward the sky, lets out a clarion call ROAR.

In response, the rest change course, clatter toward the city.

ANGLE ON THE LIVING

In a Humvee right behind the initial line, General Grigio
stands in the whipping wind. He holds binoculars, stares at
the Boneys shifting course. He grabs his Walkie, clicks it:

GRIGIO

Fire on anything that moves. I
repeat, *anything that moves*.

Gunshots echo in the morning air. Boneys and Fleshies alike
collapse to the ground.

Now, the BONEY LEADER rotates his skull toward the army of
the Living. With another cry, he clatters toward a Humvee at
the front of the line, and

LEAPS ONTO THE WINDSHIELD, SHATTERING IT.

He's directly beneath the turret. The gunner tries to get a
round off, but the Boney's already digging into his skull...

Grigio gulps, holds the binoculars to his face again.

GRIGIO POV: He scans the crowd, and fixes on

R and Julie. Descending the hill. Disappearing into the city. Grigio drops the binoculars, looks to his driver, points toward the city. The driver veers off to the left.

INT. CITY - MOMENTS LATER

R and Julie race through the streets. In the distance, a hum reverberates. Loud and getting closer. Julie looks at R, thinks a moment, then nods rapidly and looks at the ground, chewing her lip, eyes flicking back and forth.

JULIE

This way.

R

Where...we going?

JULIE

Back to the Stadium. We'll lead them right to the gates. They'll be sitting ducks.

(beat)

Now, if I remember correctly, this is where Dad's troop met me when I drove home. Right around that corner should be...

They turn the corner, arrive at...

MAIN STREET

And there it is.

The old red Mercedes. Parked halfway into the street. Three blocks ahead, the Boneys' front line, pouring into the street and racing toward them with single-minded purpose.

Julie and R jump into the car. Julie starts it, and they make a screeching u-turn, weaving in and out of the abandoned vehicles that litter the street. The Boneys rush in behind them, but Julie's putting some distance between them.

Julie speeds through city streets. Past cars, onto sidewalks, back onto streets, leaving a trail of destruction in her wake. It's like Zombie Grand Theft Auto.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

Boneys rush the city, leaping over cars, scrambling on all fours like skeletal cats. Zombies tangle with them, hand to hand combat on the streets. They're holding their own. And, in the distance, the sound of machine gun fire.

We TRACK OVER TO

M, who knocks two skeletons together. They collapse onto the ground. Now, a GUNSHOT.

M is hit. In his arm. He drops to the ground. He turns, sees a SOLDIER APPROACH (19, living). The Soldier stands over him, gun held high. M snaps his jaws, sweeps his leg, grabs the weapon. Now, the soldier's on the ground. M trains the gun on him. The Soldier looks up:

M
Don't...move...

SOLDIER
What the...?

M looks at the soldier, winks. The Soldier looks back, almost smiles out of mutual appreciation. When

A SKELETON LEAPS ONTO M!

It bites into M's neck. M's weapon drops. The Boney throws him to the ground. Black drool oozes from his mouth, onto M's face. His jaws are so close now. M reaches for his weapon...

Throws the Boney off, grabs the gun, UNLOADS INTO HIM.

The Boney EXPLODES INTO A MILLION PIECES.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

Julie accelerates down an overgrown road, bordered by tangling vines and brush. Sun is filtered by trees in full bloom. R and Julie's hair whips in the wind. A distant grenade blast. Boneys fade into the distance.

The park spits them out at a city square, where

THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP

Directly in front of them, Grigio's Humvee. He's flanked by Colonel Rosso and two other soldiers. His turret is aimed directly at the Mercedes.

GRIGIO
Get out of the car, Julie.

Julie's face darkens. Solemn score rises on the soundtrack.

JULIE
Dad. Don't do this.

GRIGIO
You're just like your mother. A
dreamer....

JULIE
Dad. Don't you see? This is our
chance--

R stares ahead, his hands grip the dashboard.

GRIGIO
Get out of the car.
(to his Officers)
Shoot the zombie.

JULIE
No! Dad, I love him.

Stunned silence. Titters from the other guards. Grigio glares at them. R glances at Julie, can barely conceal a smile.

GRIGIO
Shoot him!

Julie looks at R. Tears streaming down her face.

JULIE
What do we do? I was just starting
to hope again...

The Soldiers cock their rifles. In the distance, against the horizon, the Boneys approach. R looks at Julie, her hot tears shimmering in the sun...

AND HE KISSES HER

Christopher Cross' "Sailing" rises on the soundtrack. R looks into Julie's eyes. Her irises shimmer. The fibers twitch; their hue begins to change. Vivid sky blue fades to pewter gray, then wobbles, hesitates, flickers, and flashes back as molten gold.

Grigio's eyes widen.

GRIGIO
Shoot them both.

Sir-- ROSSO No! JULIE

The Soldiers cock their rifles. Julie winces.

But they don't shoot--

SOLDIER 1
She's not infected, Sir. I'm not
even so sure the boy is infected.
Look at their eyes, they're--

GRIGIO
He is and now she is! This is how
infection travels! This is how it
works! There is no--

He pulls out a gun and points it at R.

GRIGIO (CONT'D)
Forget it. I'll do it myself.

He fires.

HITTING R RIGHT IN THE SHOULDER

JULIE
Dad!

R groans in pain, slumps in his seat. Julie leans over him.
She touches his shoulder. Her eyes widen.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Oh my God. R, you're...
(beat)
You're *bleeding*.

She holds up her hand. It's red. She smiles, laughs. Holds it
up to show her father:

JULIE (CONT'D)
He's bleeding! You see! Zombies
don't bleed! Dad, he's...alive!

Grigio can hardly believe it. In the distance, the clattering
of skeletons approaches. Grigio looks at R, dazed.
can.

Grigio looks at his daughter, confused, thinking. Then, he
quickly snaps out of it, mumbles to himself, to R:

GRIGIO
You're a goddamn menace. Trying to
infiltrate our society.
(MORE)

GRIGIO (CONT'D)

Trying to be like us. Well, you don't fool me.

(beat)

I'll aim for the head this time.

He cocks his weapon, aims it at R...

JULIE

No!

And now, from nowhere, the BONEY LEADER leaps onto Grigio! It buries its jaw into his neck. He doesn't even scream as it takes him down. Others clatter behind, as

The Soldiers unleash a paroxysm of machine gun fire, taking out Boneys left and right. Julie puts the car in drive, shoots a glance at Rosso, who

Snatches his Walkie:

ROSSO

This is Colonel Rosso, your new commanding officer. Your orders are to fire on Boneys only. I repeat, Boneys only.

INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

Julie speeds into the distance. She stares ahead. Her eyes are red, but she sheds no tears.

JULIE

(to herself)

Goodbye, Dad.

R looks at her. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

R

I'm sorry.

Julie says nothing. She just stares ahead into the distance. The sunset plays orange on her face. And in the rear-view, smoke, carnage, hope.

The red Mercedes kicks up dust as it speeds into the distance. And The Knife's "Heartbeats" rises on the soundtrack. Initiating a

MONTAGE

--A soldier throws a grenade into a group of Boneys. They explode and shatter in 48 FPS.

--Boneys scale the stadium walls. Soldiers shoot at them from the rooftops. Dusty marrow shrapnel splinters the air.

--Nora sits in a skybox, drinking wine. She looks at the Jumbotron. Her face is on it. It reads: NORA GREEN. ARMED ASSAULT. ARREST ON SIGHT. She smiles.

--R and Julie sit on the dented hood of a parked red Mercedes convertible. He cradles her in his arms. She has her eyes shut tight; her face is red from crying.

In the distance, explosions light up the midday sky like fireworks. And we flash

WHITE.

FADE UP ON...

BRIGHT, BRILLIANT DAY. And Nora.

She stands nervously in the SQUARE BY THE STADIUM'S MAIN GATE. Next to her, General Rosso. In front of them, a HUGE CROWD. Rosso speaks into a megaphone:

ROSSO

OK, folks--

(beat)

We've prepared you for this as best we could, but I know it may still be a little...uncomfortable.

(beat)

Let me just assure you once again that you are not in any danger. The situation has changed.

Rosso looks at Nora and nods.

The GUARDS pull open the gate. Nora takes a few steps toward it, shouts:

NORA

Come on in, guys!

One by one, a line of Zombie pupae amble in. They are mid-transformation, still a bit clumsy, but walking more or less straight.

The crowd murmurs anxiously and winces as the zombies form a loose line in front of the gate. Nora steps back.

NORA (CONT'D)

Talk to them. It's OK.

Slowly, a few people do. Approach the Zombies. Guards keep their rifles trained. The Zombies, for their part, simply stand there and wait. Some of them attempt amiable grins. Nora watches this with great interest.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hi there.

She turns to her right, and looks up. Way up. Where all 6 foot 5 of M is standing. He looks a lot better. His cuts are healing. He may even have lost a few pounds.

NORA

Um...hello...

(beat)

I'm Nora.

M

My name is Mm-arcus.

(beat)

And you're...the most beautiful woman...I've ever seen.

Nora giggles. Twirls her hair.

NORA

Oh my.

She reaches out her hand.

NORA (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Marcus.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

ANGLE ON a linoleum floor, half in shadow. The reflection of a BOY, running across it. Camera picks up with him and follows, as he joyfully races down a darkened hallway. There is a SHOEBOX in his hand. He streaks past the

FOOD COURT

Where, in the light from a picture window, a single SKELETON sits, curled on the floor. Shivering, weak. It doesn't even move as the boy runs past...

Onto a conveyor belt. It lurches into motion, as the fluorescent lights flicker and buzz, and the sound of a record needle scratches onto the speakers overhead.

Sinatra's "Summer Wind" rises on the soundtrack.

The Boy turns a corner, enters the TERMINAL. About a dozen KIDS burst from other tunnels, all of which empty into the terminal. They are all out of breath, all carrying boxes, all running at the speed of light. The BOY tugs at a GIRL's arm. It is the Young Girl from the beginning of our film.

BOY

All done, Annie?

GIRL

All done, James!

We see now that the boy is the Young Boy from the beginning of our film.

BOY

Let's go get more!

Sinatra swells.

INT. GATE 12 - CONTINUOUS

A Female Zombie stands in bright morning sunlight, facing floor-to-ceiling windows, upon which the children have taped

Thousands of Polaroids. Side by side and stacked 5 squares high, they form a strip that runs all the way down the corridor. The Zombie stares at the photos, mouth slightly agape.

We DOLLY PAST them, images fluttering through our frame:

-a girl climbing an apple tree.

-a kid spraying his brother with a hose.

-an elderly couple holding hands.

-a woman playing a cello.

-a boy crying.

-a newborn sleeping.

-a family at a waterpark

She stares at this mysterious and sprawling collage, frozen. The sunlight glints off the nametag on her chest.

Now, she inhales. Frank croons. And dangling limply at her sides, her fingers twitch to the music.

JULIE
(prelap)
R?

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

R's eyes open. He's on a red blanket, on a green hillside, staring up into a flawless summer sky. Julie lies next to him. She scoots a little closer:

JULIE
Do you think we'll ever get things
back to the way they were?

R
I hope not.

They lie in silence for a while. Behind them, the battered old Mercedes waits patiently.

JULIE
R?

R
Yeah.

JULIE
Do you remember your name yet?

R
No.

JULIE
You could give yourself one, you
know. Just pick one. Whatever you
want.

R considers this. A beat. Now, he sits up, looks in Julie's eyes.

R
My name is R.

JULIE
Really? You don't want to know what
it was? You don't want your old
life back?

R
No. I want this one.

Julie smiles. A beat.

JULIE

Just R, huh?

R

Just R.

Frank swells on the soundtrack, as we CRANE UP over the hillside, revealing the AIRPORT. It spreads out beneath us. Filled with people. Working. Excavating...

Exhuming. They grow smaller and smaller as our our camera hurtles higher,

Into the atmosphere.

And now, the stratosphere.

And then

WHITE.